

GREEN LAMA

MAY 1945
TEN CENTS
NO. 5
FDC



THE GREEN LAMA
FIGHTS FOR THE FOUR FREEDOMS

BOY CHAMPIONS

RICK MASTERS

ANGUS MAC ERC

LIEUT. HERCULES



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GREEN LAMA

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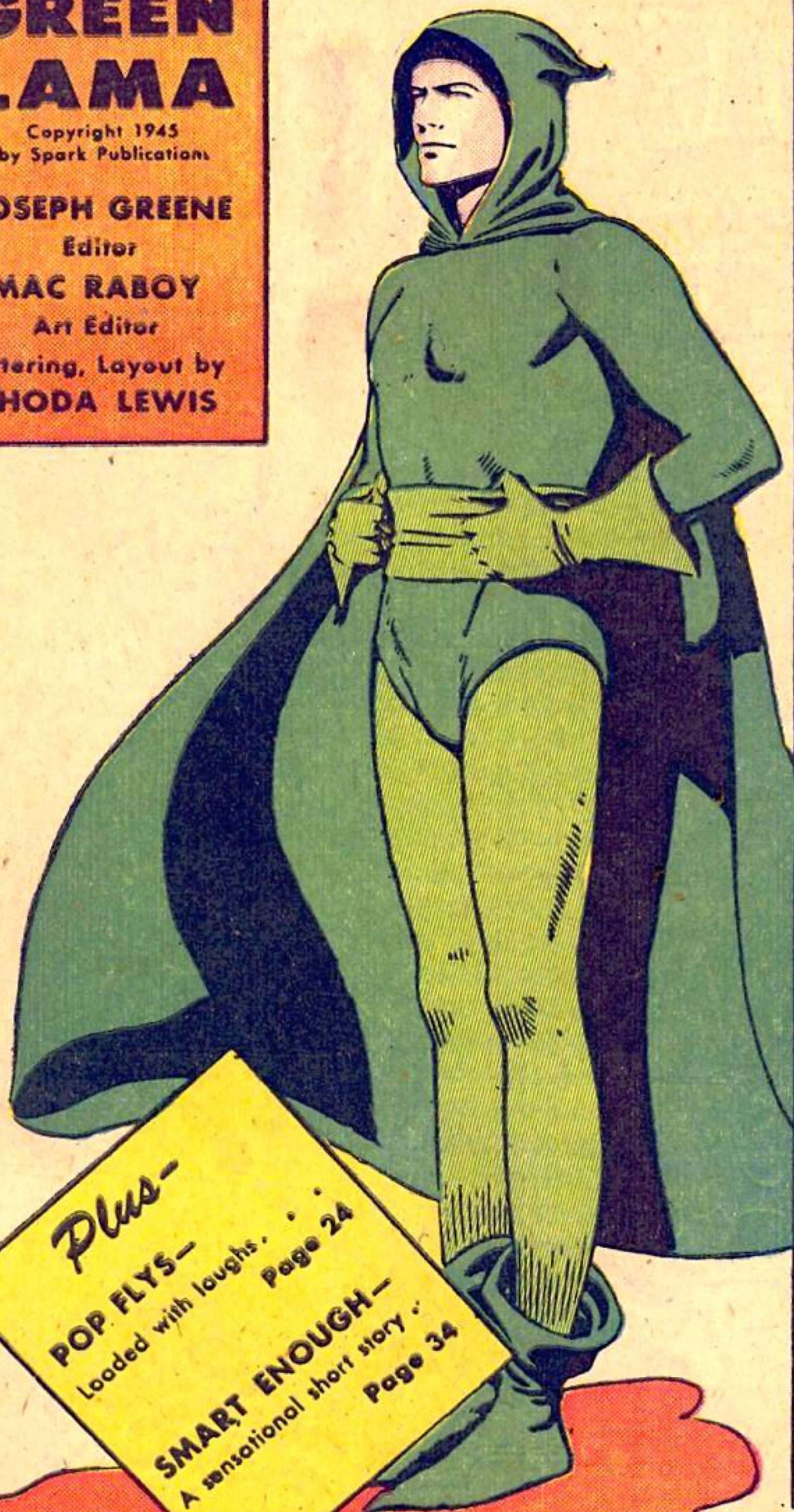
JOSEPH GREENE

Editor

MAC RABOY

Art Editor

Lettering, Layout by
RHODA LEWIS



Plus—

POP FLYS—

Loaded with laughs . . .
Page 24

SMART ENOUGH—

A sensational short story . . .
Page 34

CONTENTS

THE GREEN LAMA

drops into an Army camp and puts a soldier back on the beam with a lesson in democracy and . . .

"THE FOUR FREEDOMS"

page 4

BOY CHAMPIONS

team up with a bunny and snatch a lovable vaudeville-ham from a fate worse than death when . . .

"TUFFY BECOMES A PAPA!"

page 16

LIEUT. HERCULES

follows up his adventures in Comic-Land by running smack into the spine-tingling drama of . . .

"LITTLE COUGHIN' FANNIE!"

page 26

RICK MASTERS

rockets into a land out of this age on a startling air-trip when Fate gives out with . . .

"A TWIST OF TIME!"

page 36

ANGUS MACERC

matches wits with a sorcerer and finds himself in a real jam until he discovers the . . .


"SAUCE FOR THE SORCERER!"

page 43

VOL. 1 NO. 5

Green Lama is published monthly by Spark Publications at Springfield, Mass. Executive and editorial offices at 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Subscription rates in United States, 12 issues for \$1.00, single copies 10¢. Application for second class entry pending. The stories, characters, incidents and names mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living, or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

THE GREEN LAMA



Art by Mac Raboy
Story by Richard Foster



NIGHT OVER BERLIN
AND THE SOMBER SKIES
ARE CHURNED BY THE
ALLIED BOMBERS DARING
THE DEATH THAT FLICKERS
UP FROM THE NAZI GUNS
BELOW...

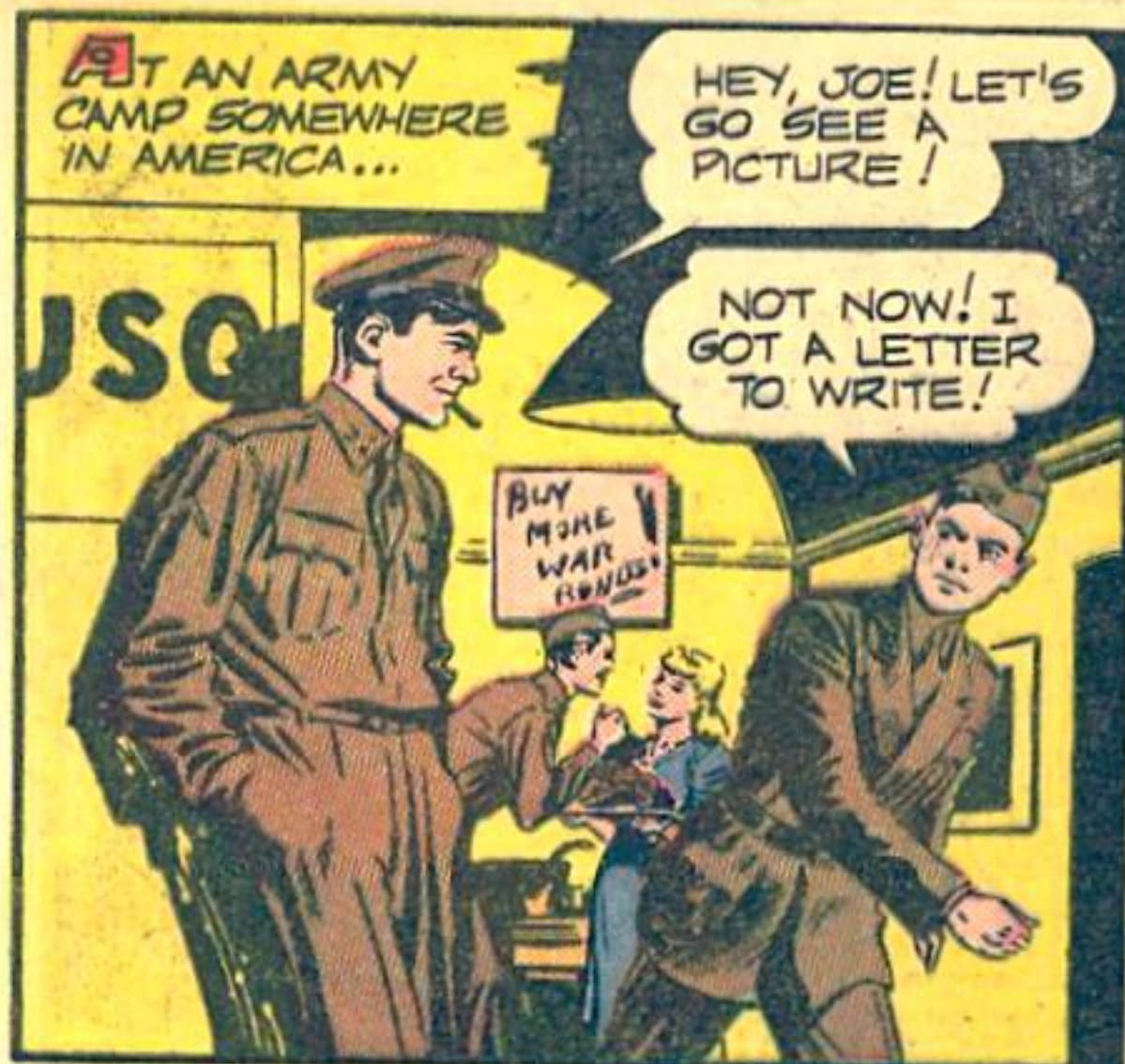
... AND THROUGH IT ALL
SOARS THE MIGHTY GREEN
LAMA WHO HAS FLASHED
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC TO
GIVE AN AMERICAN SOL-
DIER A LESSON IN DEM-
OCRACY AND...

"The Four
Freedoms!"



OM HAIL
MANI THE JEWEL
PADME IN THE
HUM LOTUS FLOWER





TWO DAYS LATER
... IN NEW YORK...

A LETTER FOR THE
GREEN LAMA FROM
PRIVATE JOE JOHNSON
---AND IN CODE! I
GUESS I BETTER
SEND IT TO MR.
DUMONT!

And so
PRIVATE JOE'S
LETTER GOES
TO THE PENT-
HOUSE APART-
MENT OF WEALTHY
PLAYBOY JETHRO
DUMONT...

TSARONG,
BRING THE
CODE
CHART!

Dear Green Lane:
(Key No. 10)
YUNIBN LXVN
JWM ONLY VN!
Pvt Joe Johnson
Army
U.S.A.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT THIS IS ABOUT,
BUT I CAN'T TURN
A SOLDIER DOWN!
SO... OM MANI
PADME HUM!

Please come
YUNGBN LXVN
and help me!
JVM ONLY VN!
Put the Johnson
Army Camp
U.S.A.

The MAGIC TIBETAN PHRASE
ECHOES FROM A TEMPLE
HALF WAY AROUND THE
WORLD, CHANGING JETHRO
DUMONT INTO...

ਯੰਮਾਧੰਡੇਭਾ

... INTO THE MAN OF
STRENGTH... MIGHTY
GREEN LAMA!

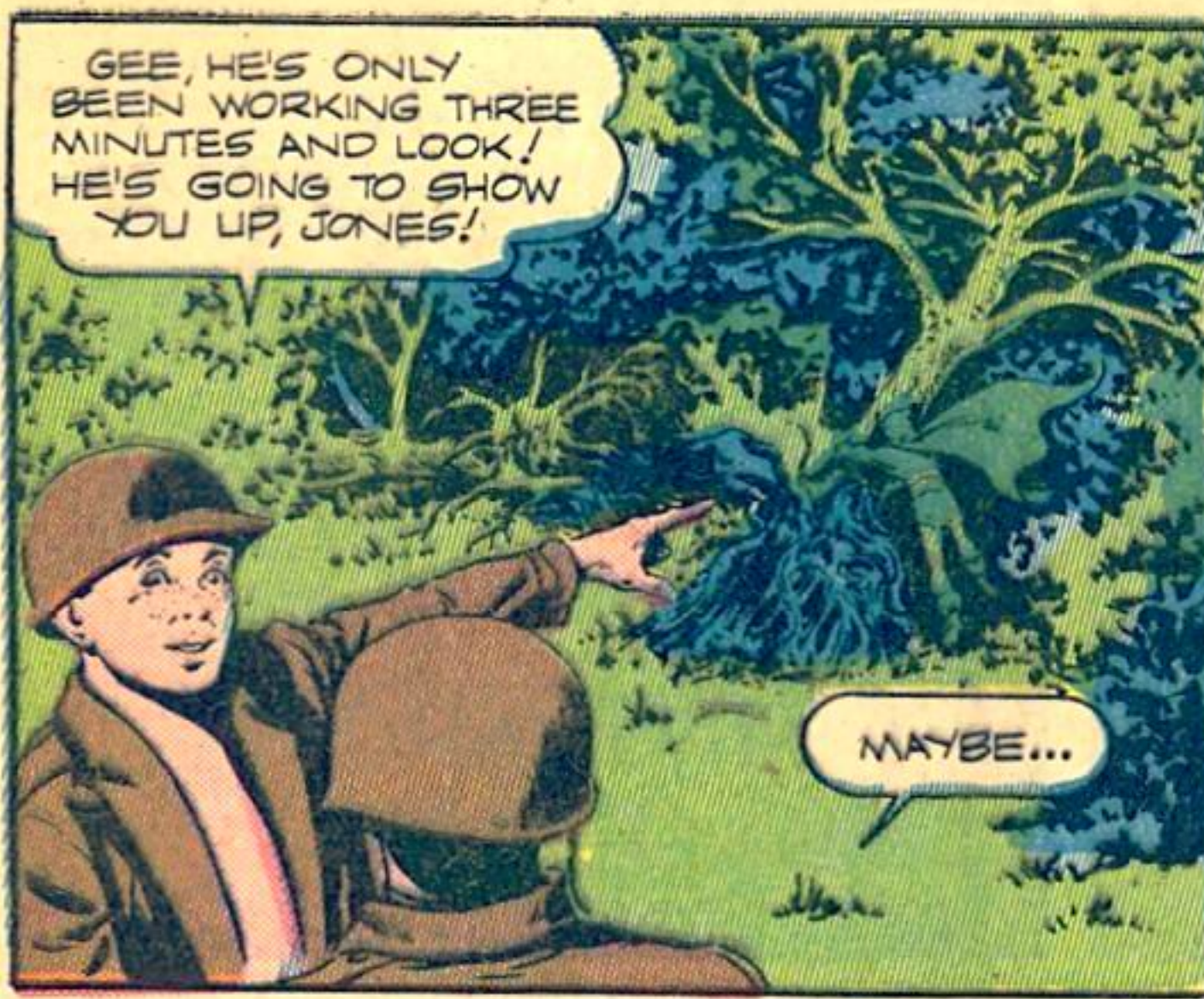
SO... IT'S FULL
SPEED AHEAD TO
ARMY CAMP!

Seconds
LATER
AT THE
ARMY
CAMP

WHY--- WHY,
IT'S THE GREEN
LAMA!

SAY! CAN
ANY OF YOU GIs
TELL ME WHERE
TO FIND PRIVATE
JOE JOHNSON?





GEE, HE'S ONLY BEEN WORKING THREE MINUTES AND LOOK! HE'S GOING TO SHOW YOU UP, JONES!

MAYBE...



I SHOULDN'T BE DOING THEIR WORK FOR THEM, BUT JOE LOOKED LIKE HE WAS REALLY IN TROUBLE!



WELL...ARE YOU CONVINCED NOW, PRIVATE JONES?

SURE! I KNEW YOU WERE THE GREEN LAMA ALL THE TIME BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD WAY TO GET THE WORK DONE! YOU'RE A SUCKER!



Later...
NOW, WHAT'S WRONG, JOE?

I'D LIKE YOU TO WAIT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF! IT'S THAT WISE-GUY, JONES --- BUT YOU'LL SEE TONIGHT!



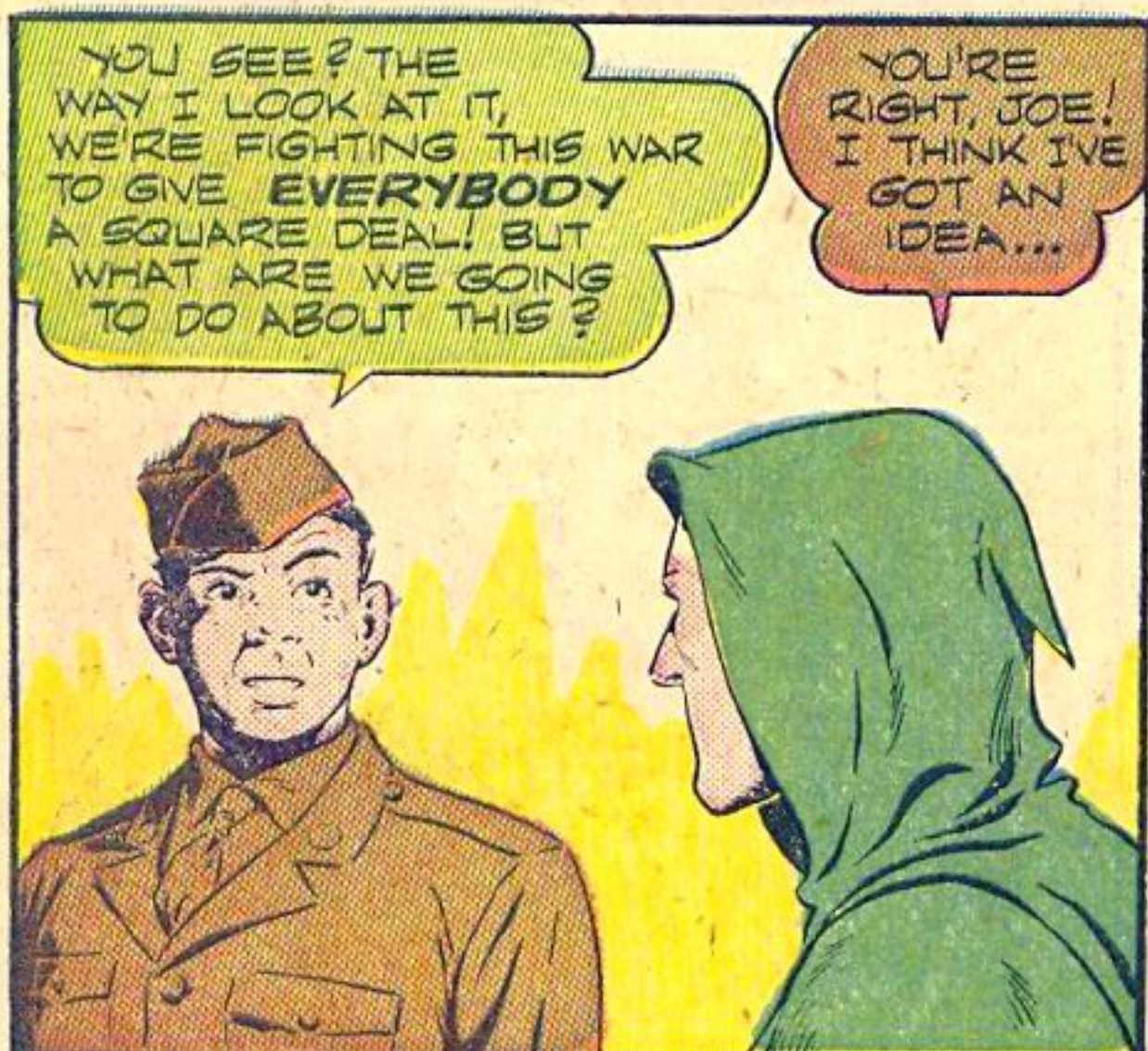
THAT NIGHT... IN THE PX...

KEEP WATCHING JONES AND YOU'LL SOON SEE!

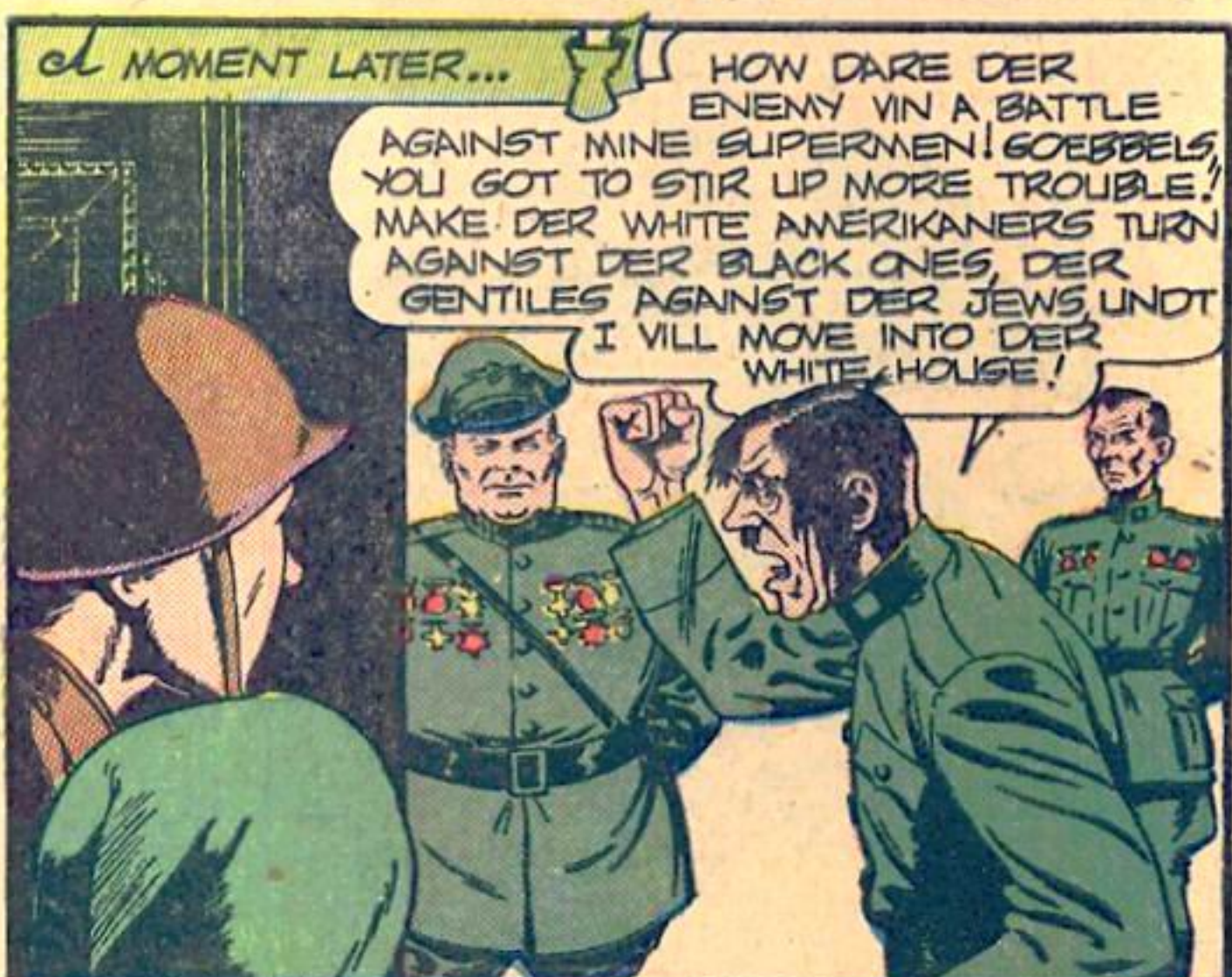
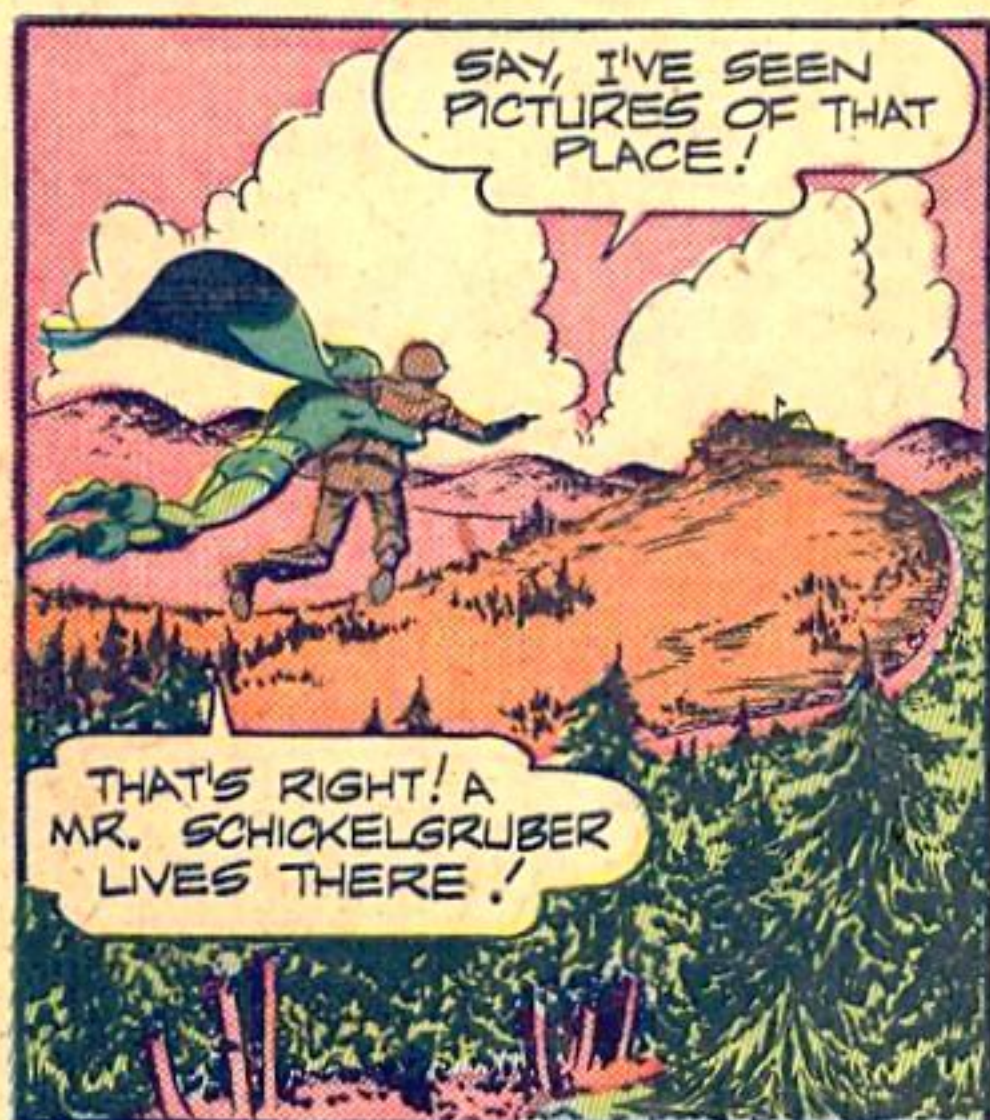
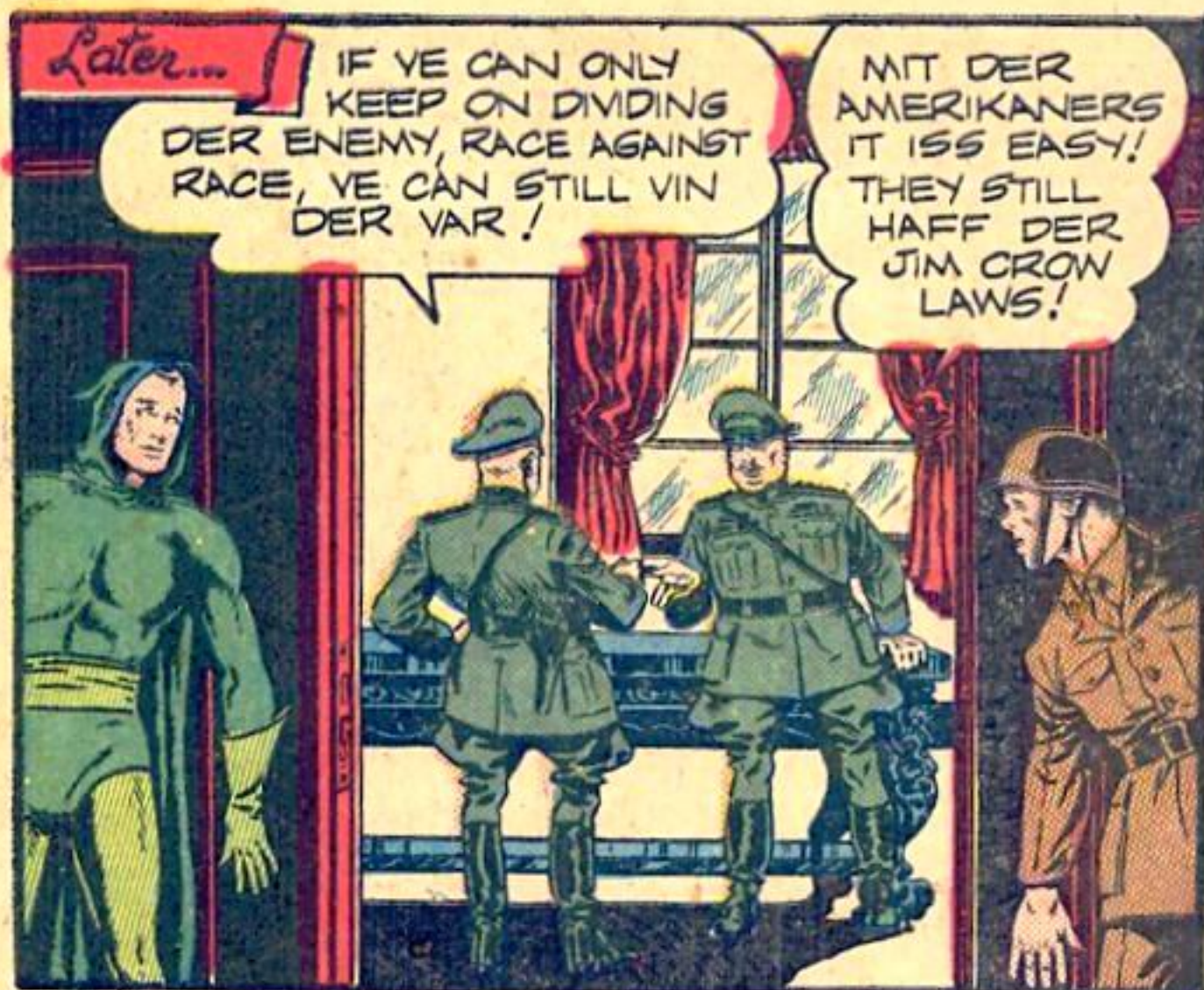
I KNOW IT MUST BE IMPORTANT OR YOU--- A CLUB MEMBER--WOULDN'T HAVE SENT FOR ME, BUT...



NOW! WATCH...









A FEW MINUTES LATER---



THAT NIGHT...

I GUESS YOU'VE LEARNED WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS, JONES! SO CLIMB ON FOR THE NON-STOP EXPRESS TO AMERICA!

BOY, WILL I BE GLAD TO SEE IT AGAIN!



SUDDENLY...

IT'S AN ALLIED BOMBER RAID! MAYBE I'LL GO UP AND GIVE THE BOYS A HAND BEFORE LEAVING! YOU WAIT HERE!

NOT WITHOUT ME! IF YOU GO, I'M GOING ALONG!



IN THAT CASE, I THINK WE'D BETTER GET YOU A WEAPON!

YI!

HELP!



OH BOY! I'LL BET I'M THE FIRST FLYING INFANTRYMAN!

GOT HIM!

THERE'S A FIGHTER PLANE! GET HIM!



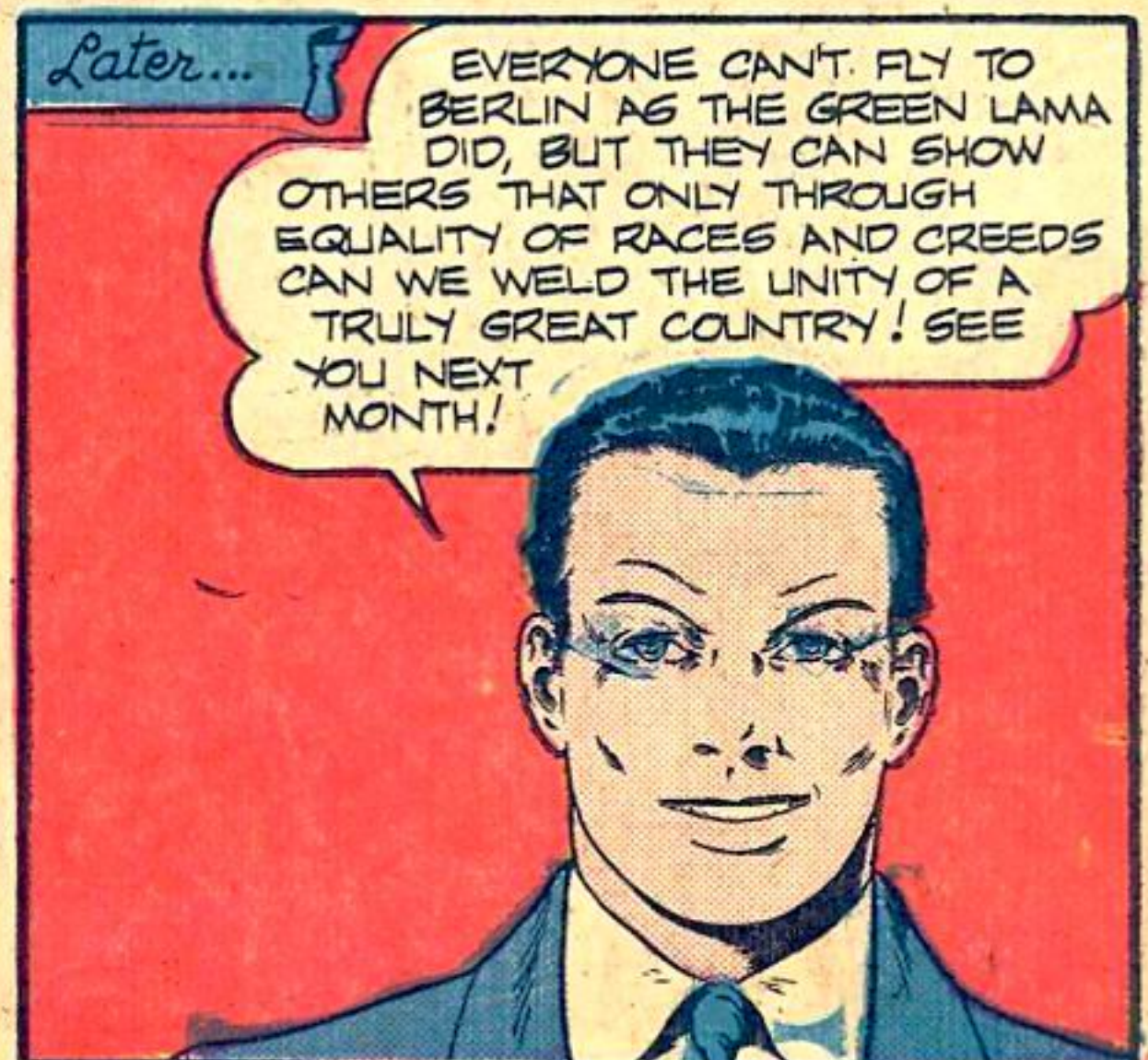
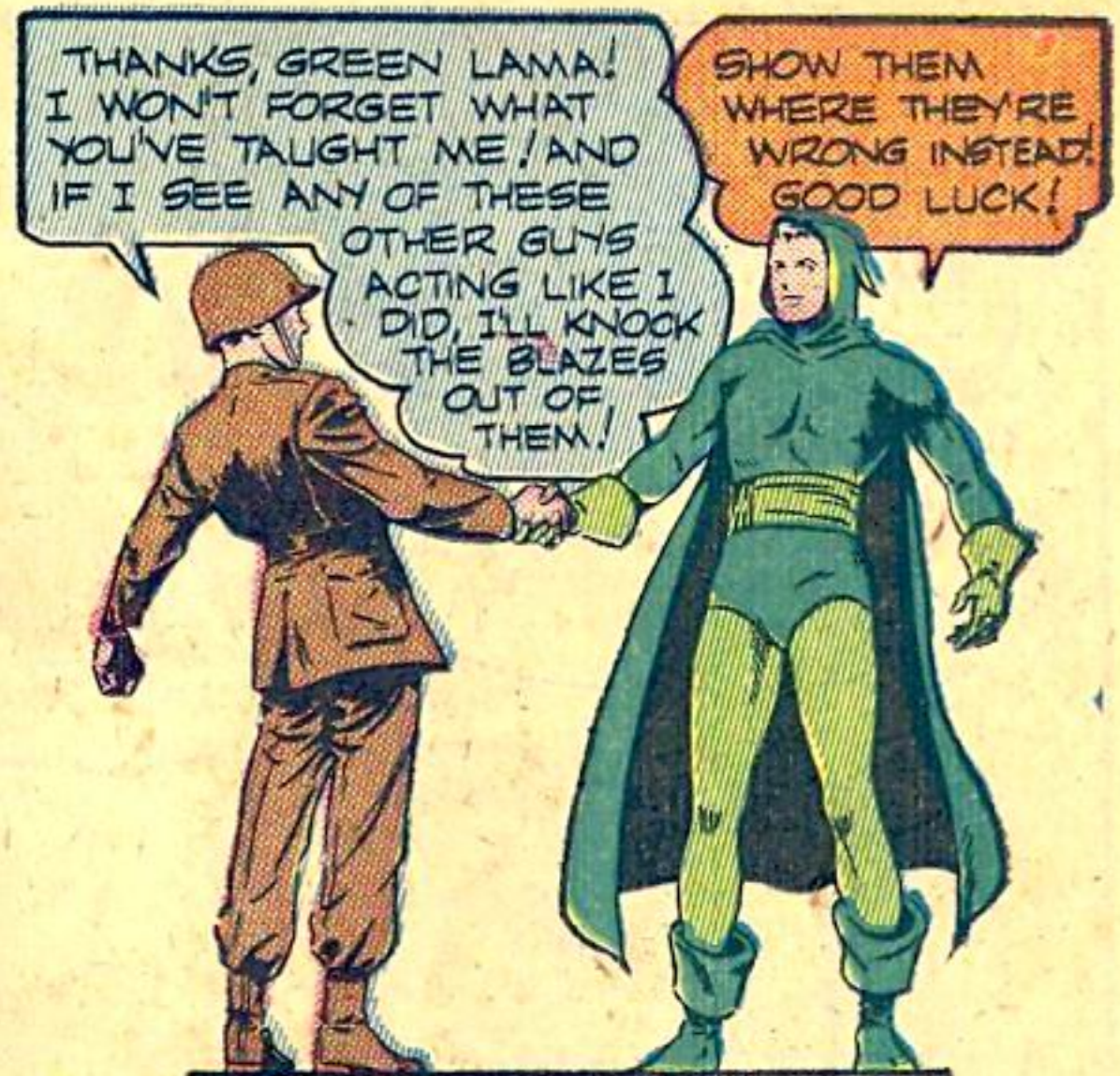
KEEP THAT UP, AND YOU'LL BE THE FIRST INFANTRYMAN TO BE AN ACE!



WELL, JONES, YOU SHOT DOWN FIVE PLANES! THAT MAKES YOU AN ACE!

YEAH... BUT I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!... WHO'S GOING TO BELIEVE ME?





The Boy CHAMPIONS

IF THEY DON'T LIKE
OUR ACT, ARCHIE, WE'LL
BE IN A STEW!

YEH, RABBIT
STEW! OH, WELL,
HARE TODAY,
GONE TO-
MORROW!

Fate HAS A STRANGE WAY
OF BRINGING TOGETHER UNUSUAL
JOBS AND THE **BOY CHAMPIONS!**
AND THOSE DARING KIDS ARE AL-
WAYS READY FOR WHATEVER COMES
THEIR WAY---WALKING THE DOG---OR
MINDING THE BABY---OR MATCHING
THEIR WITS AGAINST RUTHLESS
CRIMINALS---OR EVEN ADOPTING A
RABBIT FOR EASTER WHEN...

"TUFFY becomes a
PAPA!"



STORY BY
JOSEPH
VERDY

ART BY
JERRY
ROBINSON

EVIL NEVER TAKES A HOLIDAY! AND FOR "ACE" RYAN THE EASTER BUYING RUSH AT THE DACY DEPARTMENT STORE IS A CHANCE TO GRAB HIMSELF A FISTFUL OF EASY DOUGH!

YOU OLD WINDBAG! I PICK YOU UP, AND GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO MAKE SOME EASY MONEY AND YOU SPOIL MY PLANS!

BUT MY DEAR ACE RYAN... YOU ARE THE FLOWER OF MANHOOD AND I AM APPRECIATIVE TO THE BOTTOM OF MY SOUL! BUT I DON'T SEE HOW I FAILED YOU!

I SEND YOU OUT TO CASE THE JOINT SO WE CAN PULL A STICK-UP... AND YOU DON'T TELL ME NOTHING ABOUT A BUNCH OF KIDS TAKING OVER THE STORE FOR TODAY!

GOOD LORD! I... I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT THEY WOULD BE IN YOUR WAY WHEN YOU HELD UP THE CASHIER!

EASTER DISPLAY
FOR CHILDREN
1ST FLOOR

PERHAPS I CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY TO SOLVE THIS PROBLEM... WHY, I REMEMBER IN MY DAYS OF GLORY...

I AIN'T INTERESTED! YOU BETTER FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS FIX---YOU OLD VAUDEVILLE HAM!

Meanwhile, in a nearby movie, the approaching holiday is also anticipated---and fate spins its unusual web of circumstances...

... AND THE WINNER OF THIS EASTER BUNNY RAFFLE IS NUMBER... NUMBER 501. WILL THE HOLDER STEP UP TO THE STAGE!

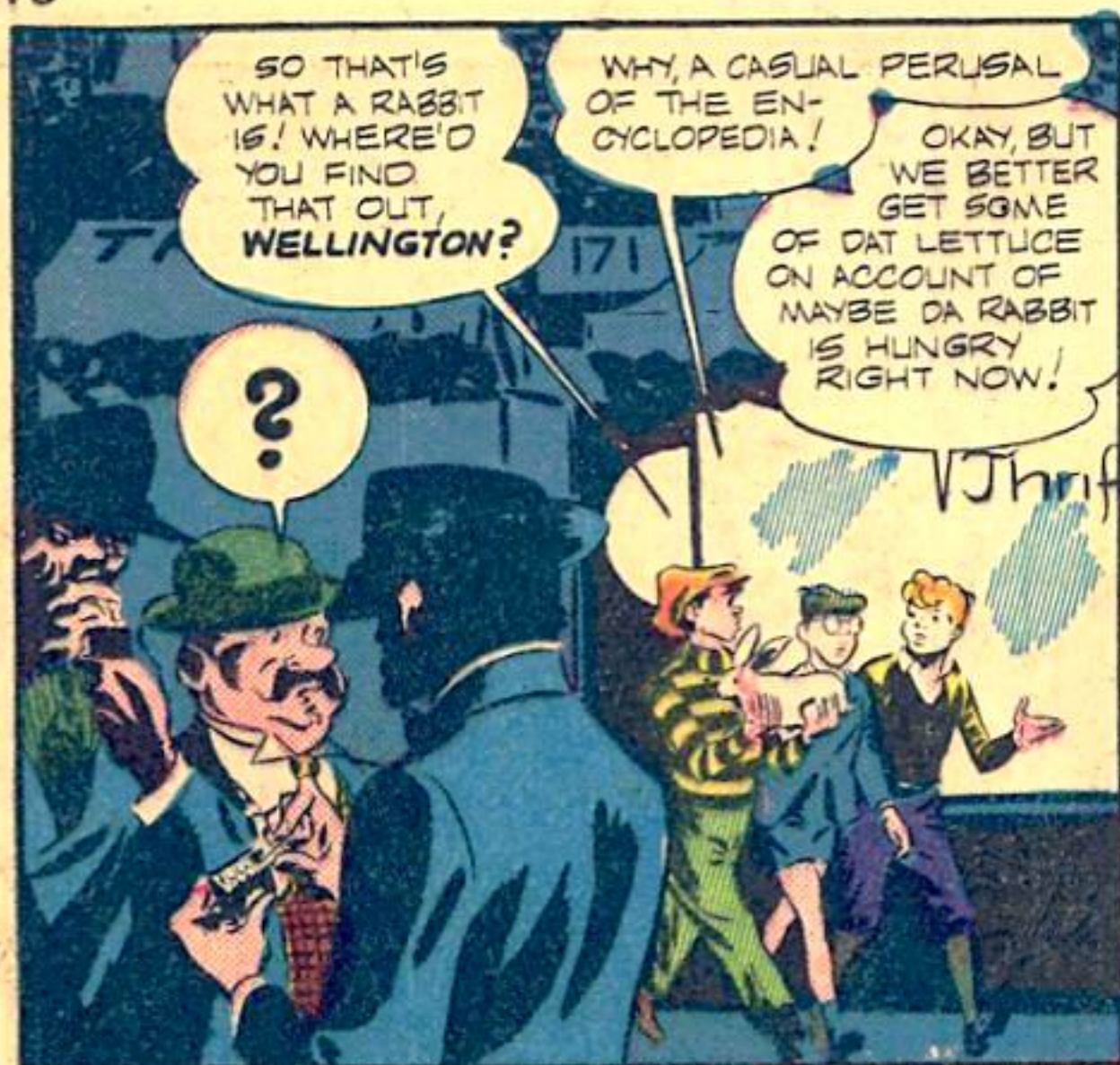
HEY! DAT'S DE NUMBER I GOT ON ME TICKET!

HERE YOU ARE, YOUNG MAN. DON'T FORGET THAT ANIMALS HAVE FEELINGS! NEVER HURT THEM!

DON'T YOUSE WORRY ABOUT DAT! I'M GONNA TAKE CARE OF HIM LIKE HE WUZ ME OWN BRUDDER!...MAYBE BETTER! I'M GONNA BE A MUDDER AND FADDER TO HIM!

AIN'T HE DA NICEST LITTLE BUM YA EVER SEEN? D'YOUSE T'INK HE'LL EAT HAMBOIGERS... OR HOT DOGS?

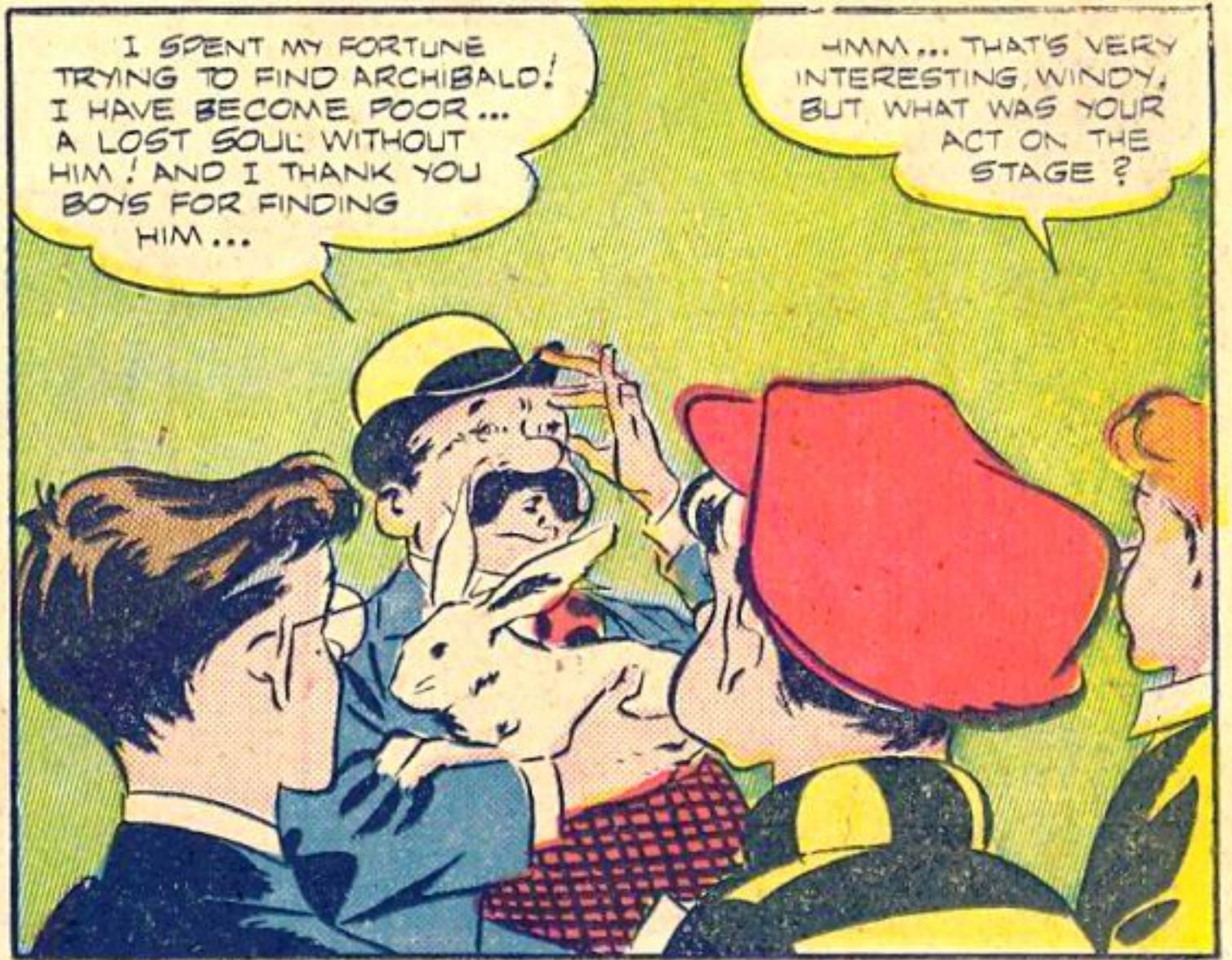
A LEPUS CUNICULUS... COMMONLY KNOWN AS A RABBIT... IS A RODENT MAMMAL, TUFFY. HE IS A VEGETARIAN AND WILL READILY EAT LEAFY GREENS SUCH AS LETTUCE.





AH, YES. I REMEMBER WHEN ARCHIBALD AND I STARTED ON OUR CAREER TOGETHER. WE WERE DESTINED FOR GREAT THINGS! BUT ALAS! A GREAT CALAMITY HIT US! A FLOOD OR A GREAT FIRE... I BELIEVE. AND WE WERE SEPARATED!

YOUSE DON'T SAY!



I SPENT MY FORTUNE TRYING TO FIND ARCHIBALD! I HAVE BECOME POOR... A LOST SOUL WITHOUT HIM! AND I THANK YOU BOYS FOR FINDING HIM...

HMM... THAT'S VERY INTERESTING, WINDY, BUT WHAT WAS YOUR ACT ON THE STAGE?



A MOST AMUSING LITTLE ACT! MOST AMUSING AND SENSATIONAL! IN FACT, I WAS JUST ON MY WAY INTO THIS STORE TO AMUSE THE KIDDIES. BUT WITH ARCHIBALD BACK IN MY ACT... I WILL PUT ON THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH...

GEE! CAN WE SEE IT?



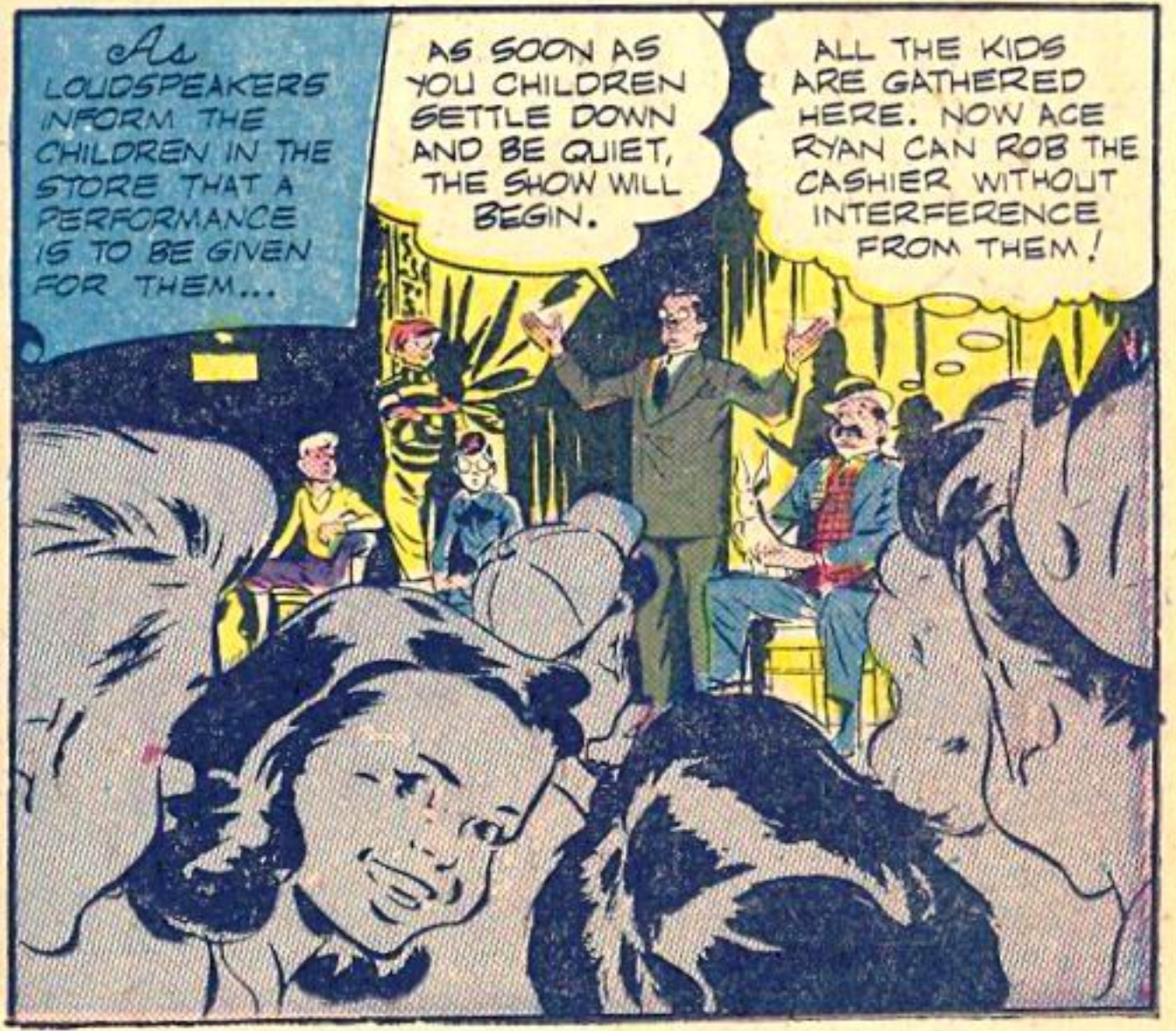
CERTAINLY! CERTAINLY! YOU SHALL WITNESS THE ACT AS SOON AS I ARRANGE MATTERS WITH THE STORE MANAGER!

OKAY, WINDY! BUT ACT OR NO ACT... DA RABBIT IS STILL ME AND ME PALS' POISONAL PROPERTY!



IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO VOLUNTEER YOUR SERVICES FOR THE CHILDREN! I'LL SEND A CALL OUT THROUGH THE STORE FOR THEM!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, SIR! IN MY DAY, I PERFORMED MANY TIMES BEFORE MILLIONS OF CHILDREN! GATHER THE CHILDREN BEFORE THE STAGE!



As LOUDSPEAKERS INFORM THE CHILDREN IN THE STORE THAT A PERFORMANCE IS TO BE GIVEN FOR THEM...

AS SOON AS YOU CHILDREN SETTLE DOWN AND BE QUIET, THE SHOW WILL BEGIN.

ALL THE KIDS ARE GATHERED HERE. NOW ACE RYAN CAN ROB THE CASHIER WITHOUT INTERFERENCE FROM THEM!

And THE SHOW BEGINS—

...AND WHO WAS THE LADY WHO DROVE AWAY WITH YOUR CAR, ARCHIBALD?

HA-HA! IF SHE DROVE OFF IN MY CAR, SHE'S NO LADY, WINDY! SHE'S A COOKED GOOSE!

A COOKED GOOSE? YOU'LL HAVE THE POLICE CAPTURE HER, ARCHIBALD? NO MERCY?

NO MERCY? OH, IT'S NOT THAT WINDY! NO BREAKS!

AH!... THIS IS LIKE THE OLD DAYS! IF I HADN'T BECOME A CROOK... PERHAPS THE CHILDREN OF THIS GENERATION WOULD COME TO LOVE ME LIKE THEIR PARENTS DID! IF I ONLY HAD ANOTHER CHANCE...

HOORAY! HA-HA!

'RAY FOR WINDY!

...AND FATE IS PREPARED TO GIVE WINDY ANOTHER CHANCE! A HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER IS IN THE AUDIENCE WITH HIS CHILDREN...

IF THE KIDS CAN GO FOR THAT CORN HERE... WHY CAN'T THEY ENJOY HIM IN THE MOVES, TOO. HMM... I THINK I'LL SIGN HIM UP RIGHT NOW... BEFORE SOME OF MY COMPETITORS HEAR OF THIS!

DAT WUZ A GREAT ACT YOUSE PUT ON, WINDY!

AND WHY NOT, TUFFY? IN MY DAY I WAS ACCLAIMED BY MILLIONS!

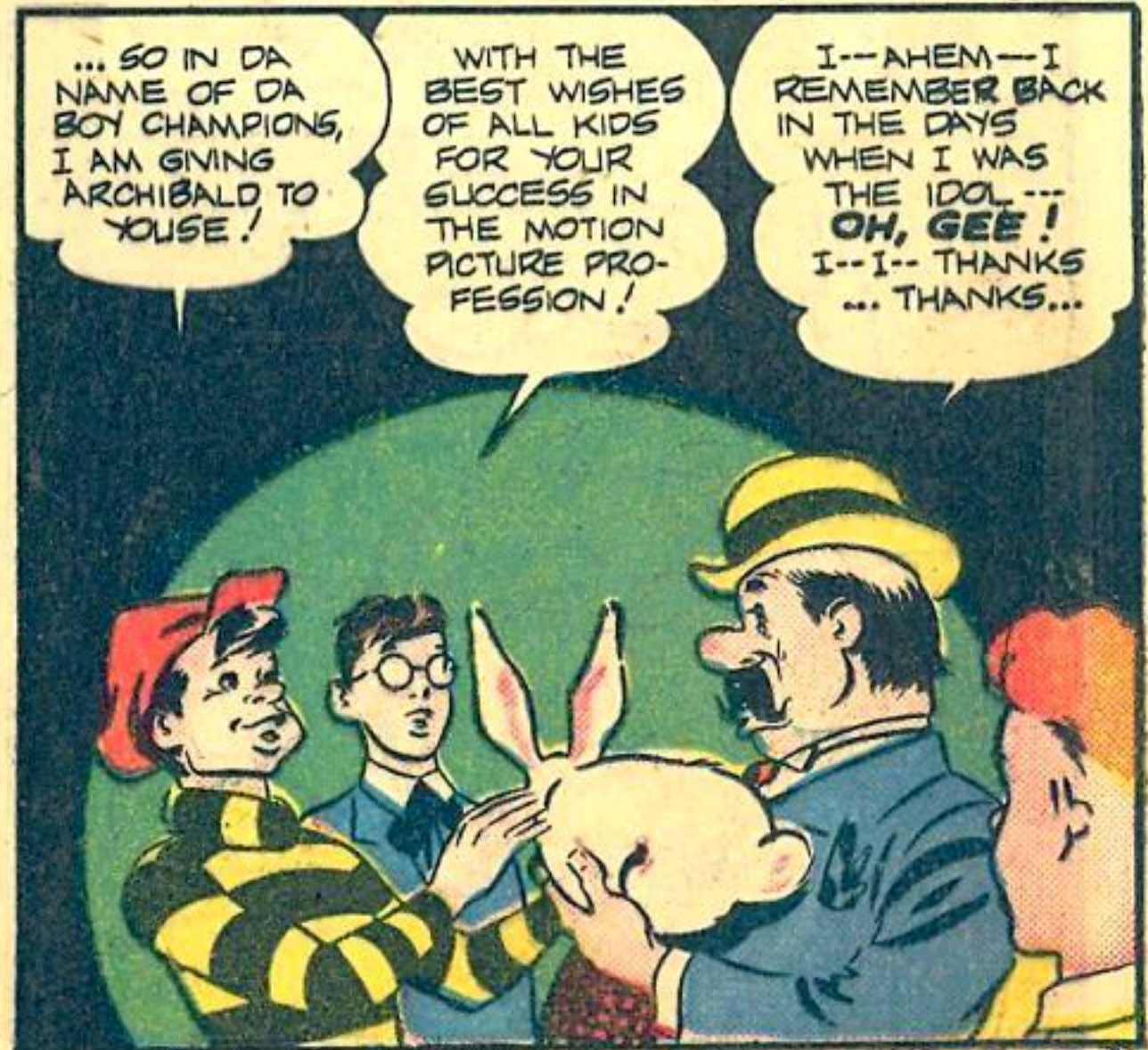
AND YOU CAN BE AGAIN!

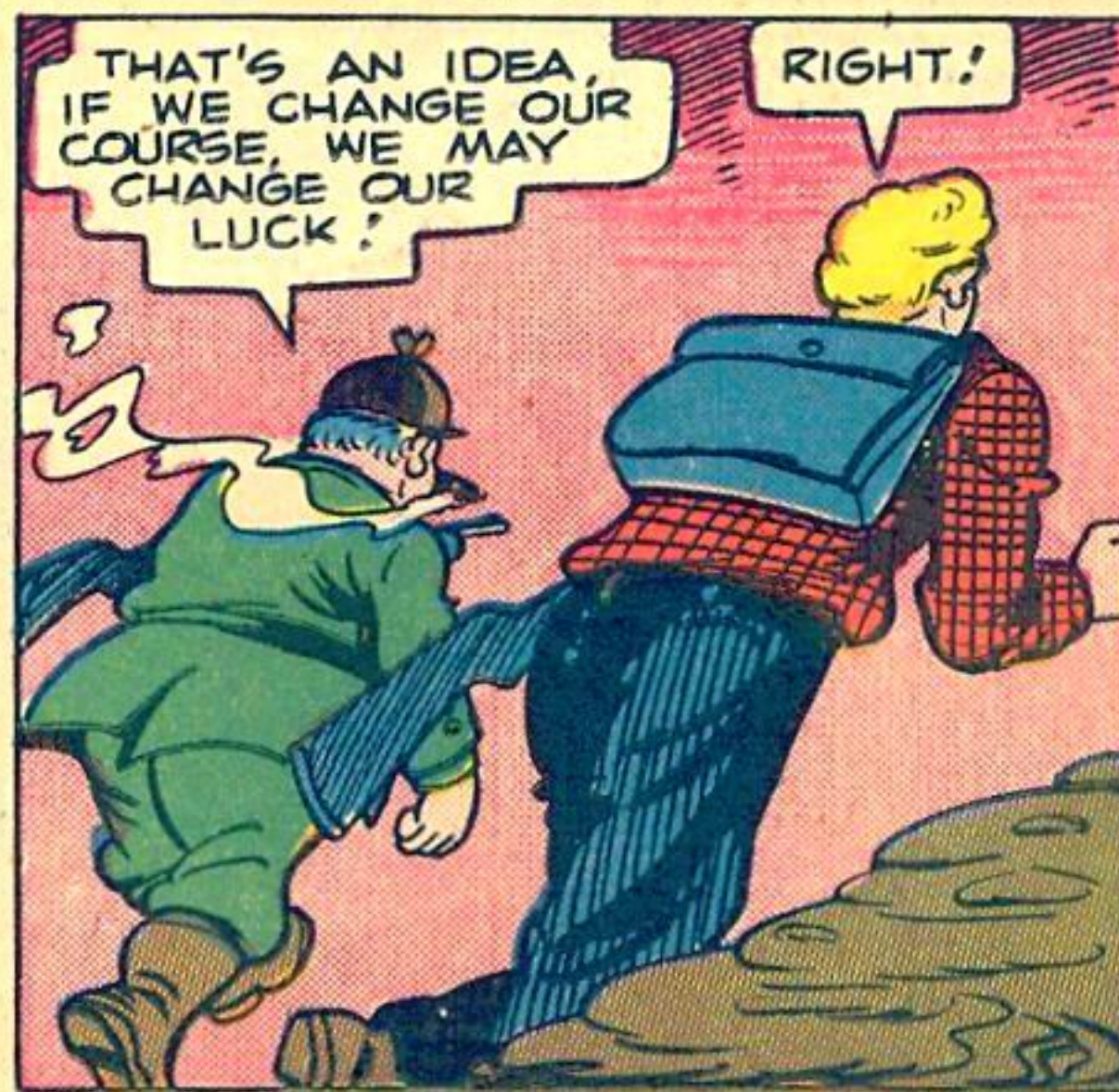
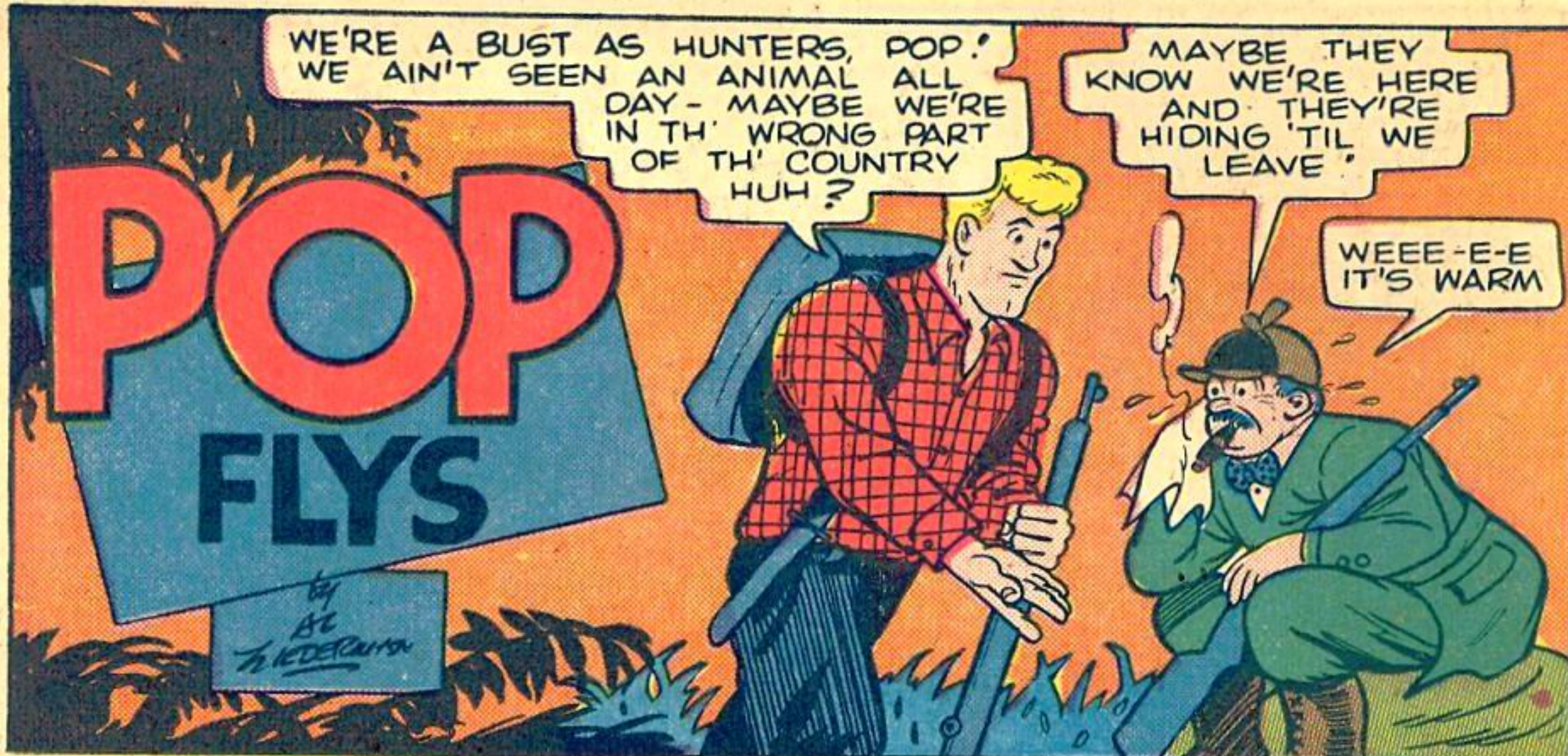
MY FRIEND, I AM PRENTISS HICKS, THE HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER! I WANT TO SIGN YOU UP FOR MY STUDIOS! I'LL PAY ANY SALARY YOU WANT!

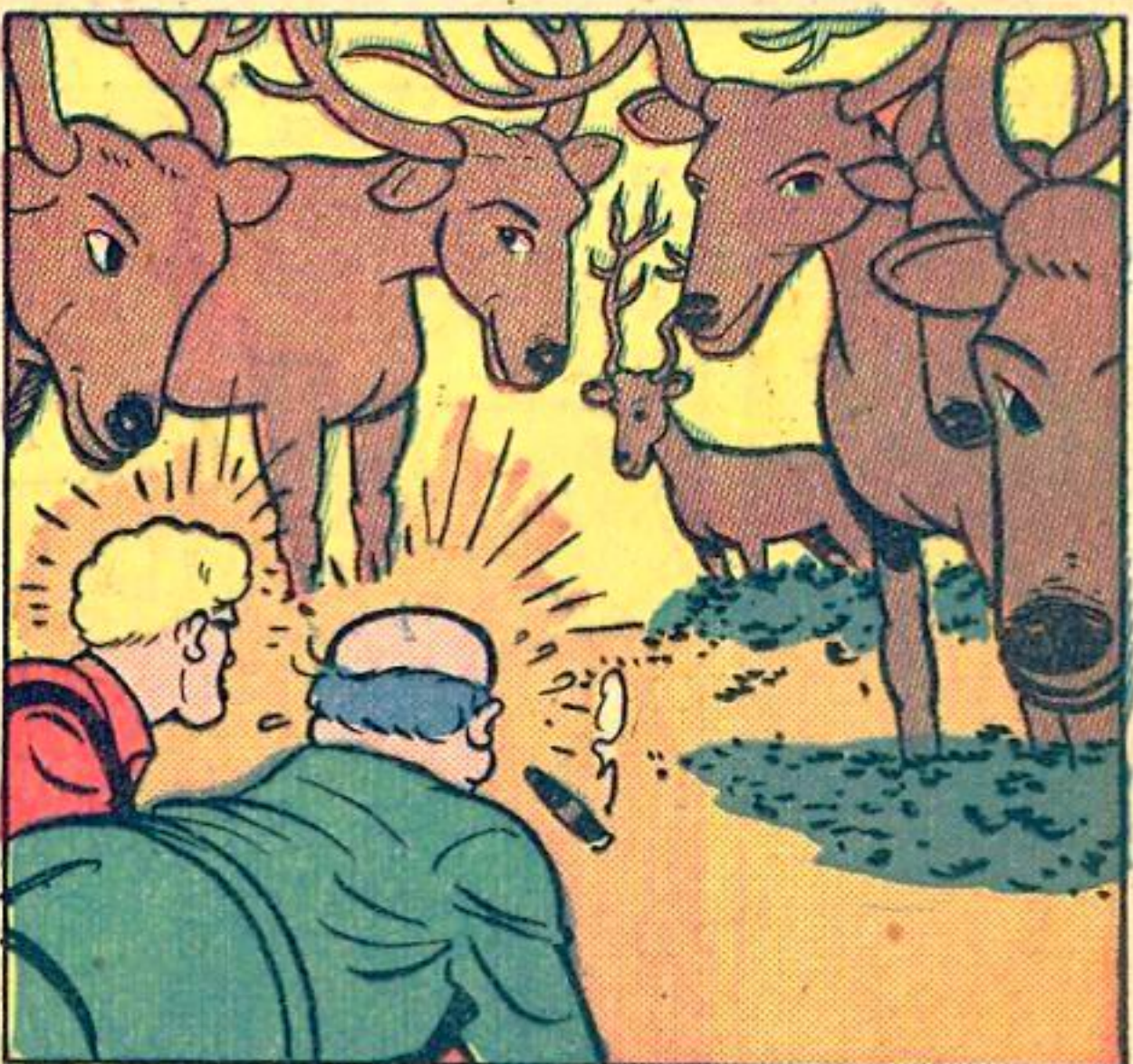
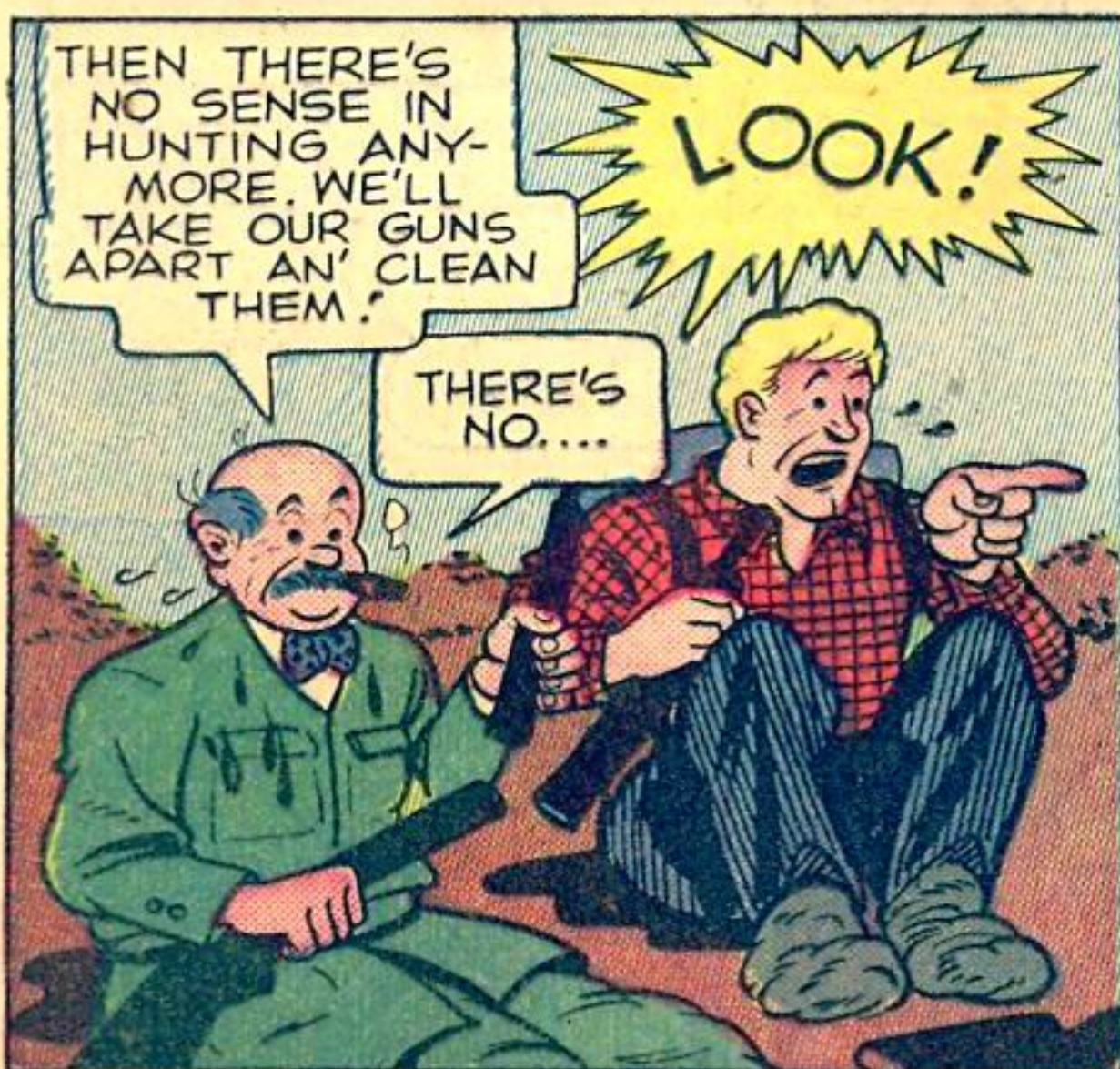
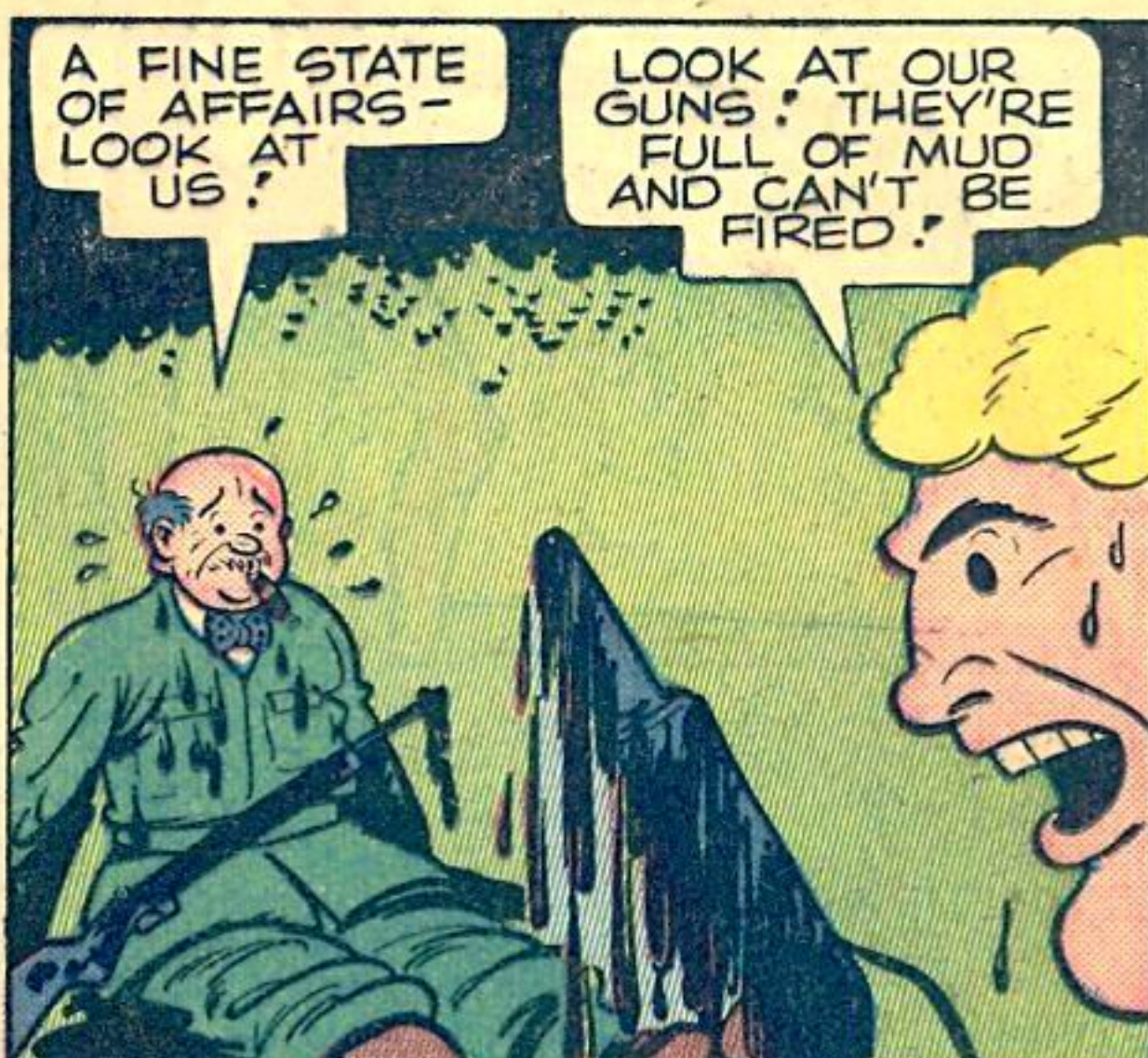
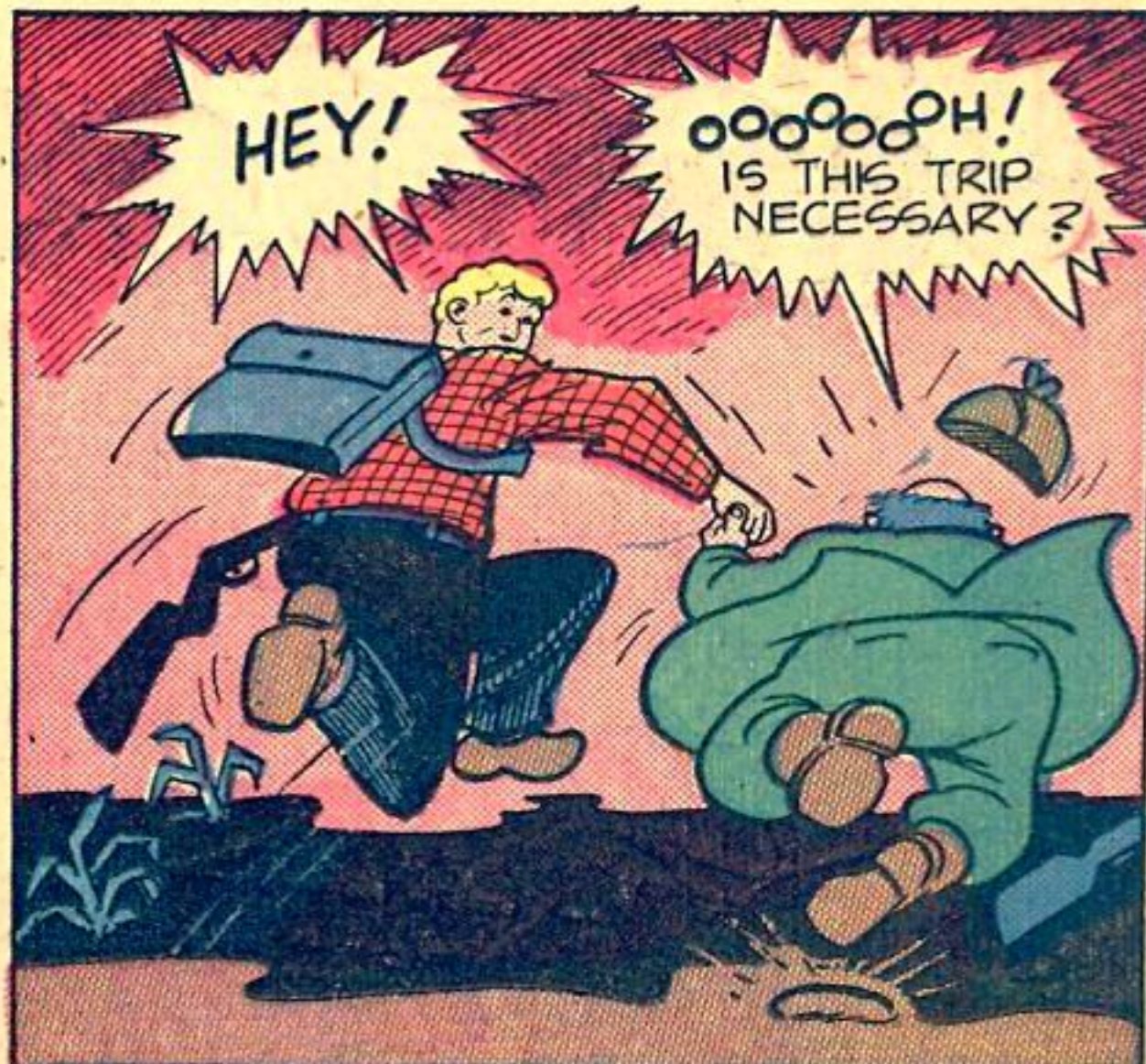
YOU... YOU... MEAN IT? YOU'LL GIVE AN OLD (SOB) HAM LIKE ME A CHANCE?



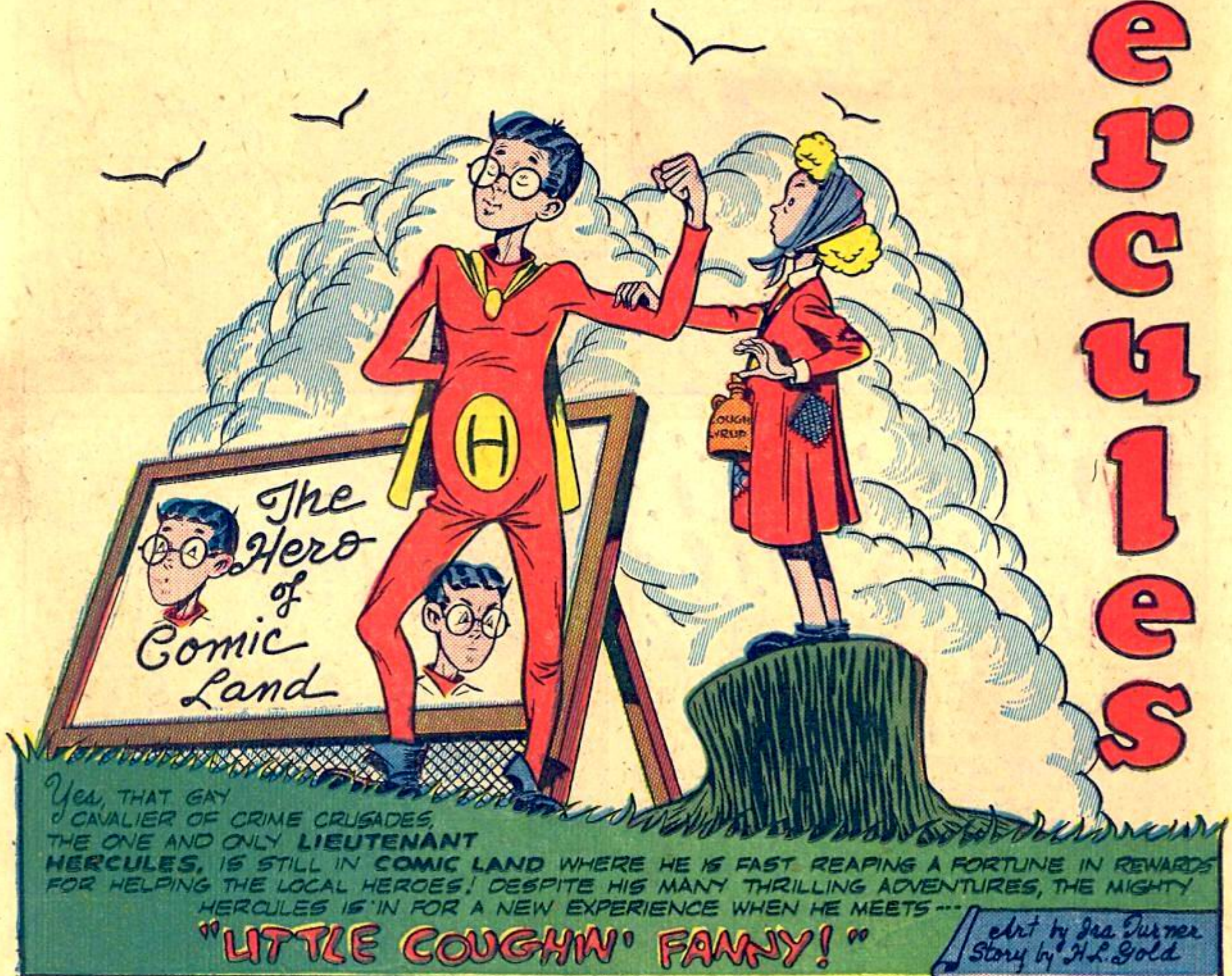








Lieutenant Hercules



Comic Land, IN THE STATE OF NOWHERE, IS PROVING A WONDERFUL VACATION SPOT FOR LIEUTENANT HERCULES AND MERLIN WHO HAVE EXTENDED THEIR VISIT---

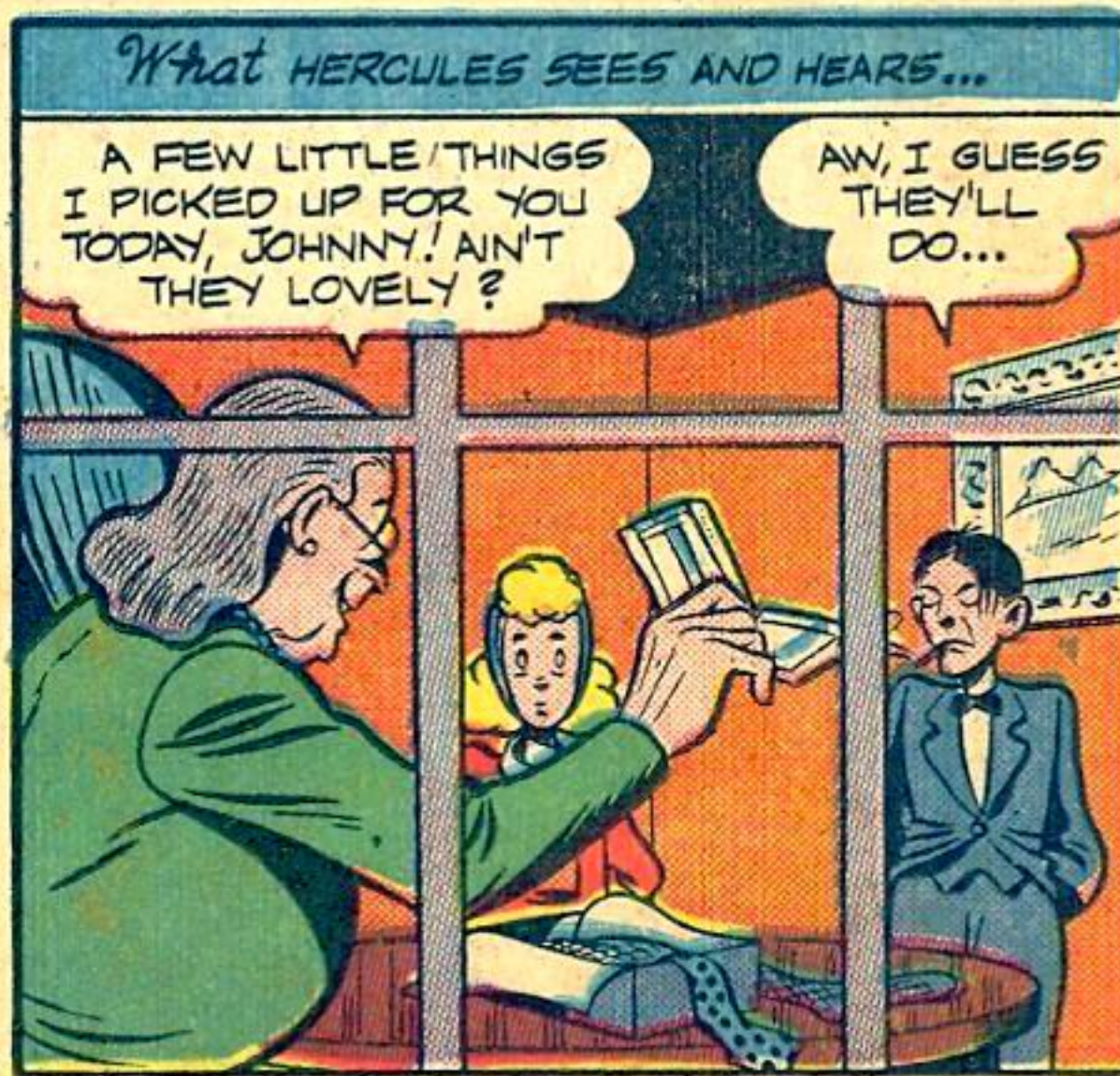
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, MY BOY, IS THAT YOU DON'T ENJOY YOURSELF, LIKE THE REST OF US DO!

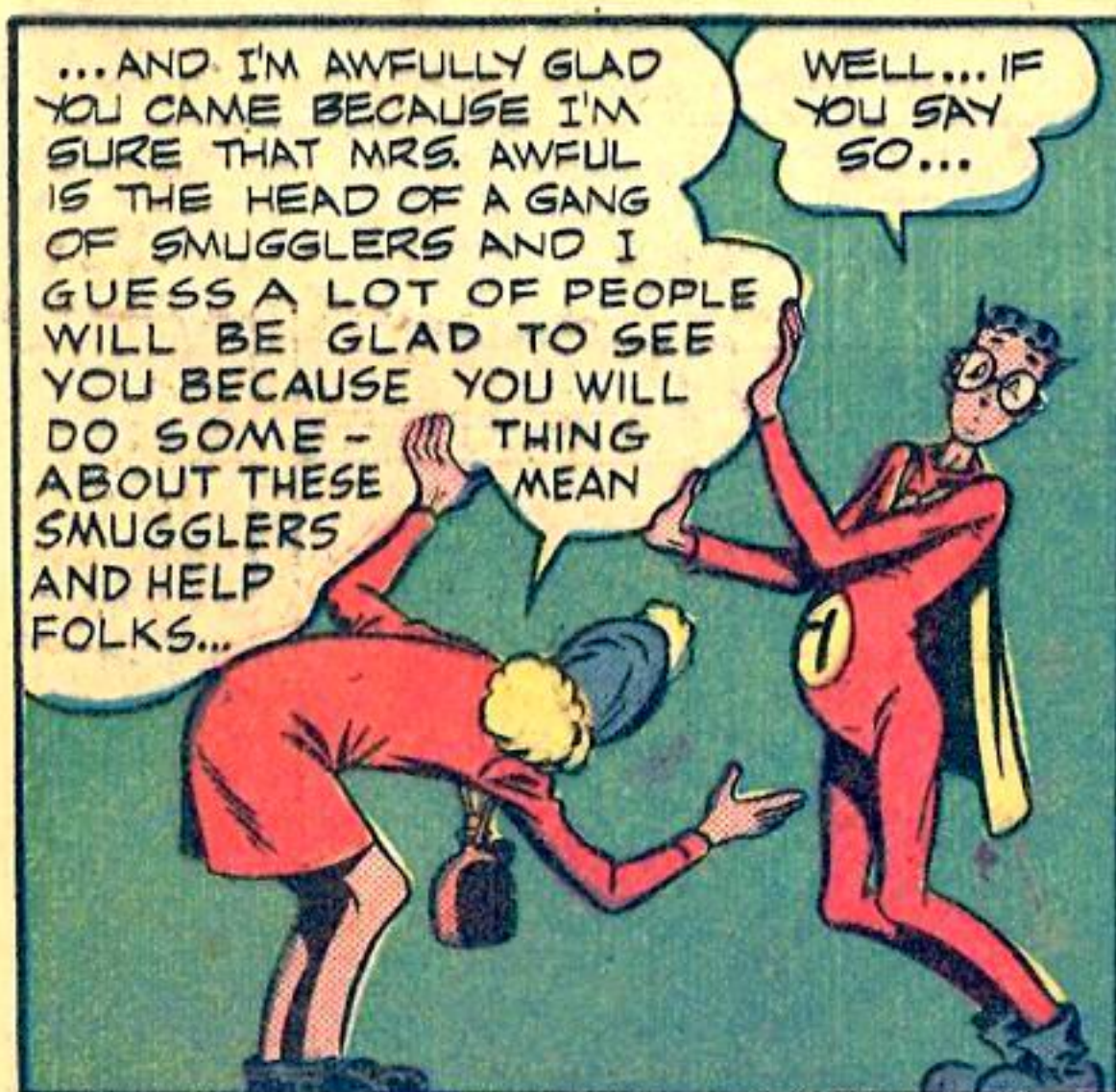
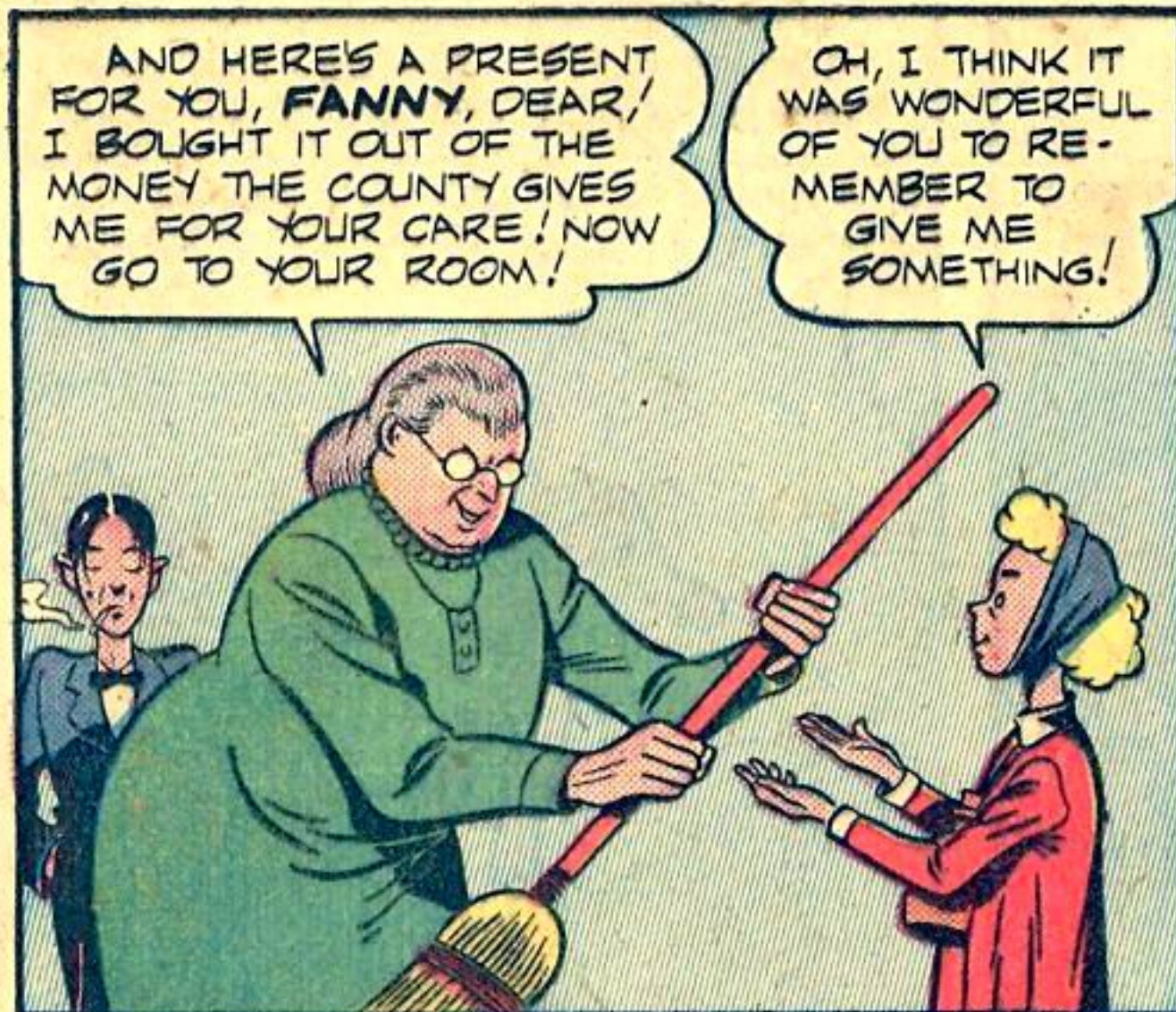
SORRY, SIR, I GUESS EVERYTHING'S A LITTLE STRANGE TO ME! ESPECIALLY MEETING ALL THESE PEOPLE I'VE ALWAYS READ ABOUT!

FOR EXAMPLE, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE FROM THE FRONT!

NOTHING TO IT, LIEUTENANT, IF THAT'S ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW! SHOW HIM THE FRONT, UPWIND!









Before HERCULES CAN FOLLOW---

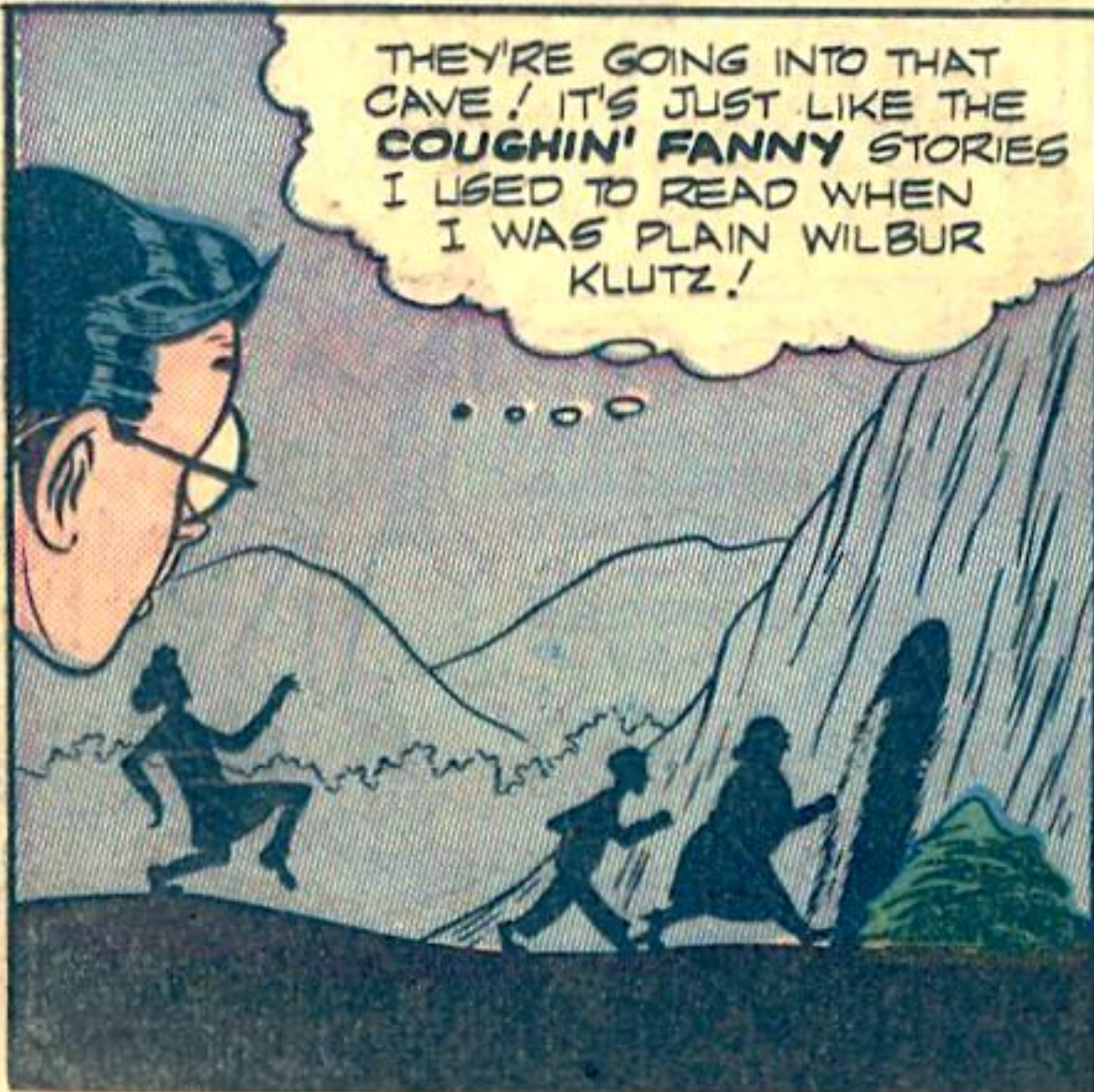
AND THERE GOES THAT BRAVE LITTLE KID, TRYING TO CATCH THEM! THAT OUGHT TO MAKE THOSE OTHER HEROES FEEL HEARTILY ASHAMED!



I'LL FOLLOW ALONG AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT CAVE! IT'S JUST LIKE THE **COUGHIN' FANNY** STORIES I USED TO READ WHEN I WAS PLAIN WILBUR KLUTZ!



Moments later...

IT LOOKS LIKE **COUGHIN' FANNY** WAS RIGHT!



DOWN BELOW

SORRY WE'RE LATE, MAW, BUT SOMEBODY STOLE SLUGGER'S WATCH! THE JOINT'S FULL OF CROOKS!

NEVER MIND THAT NOW, KILLER! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



SUDDENLY---

WHAT THE---? IT'S THAT LITTLE SNEAK, **COUGHIN' FANNY**! SHE FOLLOWED US!





YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES---PICKING ON A LITTLE KID LIKE THAT!

LET'S BEAT IT, MAW, WHILE HE'S BUSY! BUT YOU GOTTA LET ME PULL THE SWITCH THIS TIME!



SECONDS LATER...AS HERCULES AND LITTLE COUGHIN' FANNY START TO LEAVE THE UNDERGROUND CAVERN...

THEY'RE DYNAMITING THE ONLY EXIT!





JHW WKH QHAW LVVXH RI WKH JUHHQ ODPD! RQ SDJH
33 L ZLOO WHOO BRX KRZ BRX FDQ KHOS ZLQ WKH ZDU!



Join the **GREEN LAMA CLUB** and you can read the above message!—Code No. 4. Not only do you receive the **GREEN LAMA'S PERSONAL SECRET CODE**, but as a member of the **INNER CIRCLE**, you will have the opportunity of receiving special magic tricks! Fill out the coupon below **NOW!**

THE GREEN LAMA CLUB

Join the **GREEN LAMA CLUB** and learn to do the tricks that **THE MAN OF STRENGTH** performs. Ten cents brings you a membership card, the Green Lama Secret Code and the amazing **GREEN LAMA MAGIC TRICK—ESCAPO**.



GREEN LAMA CLUB

501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Here is my ten cents which entitles me to become a member of **THE GREEN LAMA CLUB** and to receive the Code and Escapo.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

SMART ENOUGH!

by Lawrence Vert

FOR THE MOMENT, Erich was alone in the power plant. The low, steady hum of the machines filled the room. Erich listened until the door closed behind Tom Jenkins, his foreman. Then he picked up his lunch box and stepped behind the huge generator.

Erich began to work quickly. In his lunch box, he had several sticks of dynamite, capped and ready for immediate use. He had carried them about with him for a week now, waiting for his chance to destroy the power of the huge factory producing war supplies. And this was his chance!

He took out the dynamite and tied the sticks together. With sure, trained fingers, Erich slipped the bundle under the generator. He smiled to himself as he rolled out the fuse.

These Americans were fools, he was thinking. They didn't have the ability to plan out each detail in advance the way a true German could. Erich measured the fuse carefully. It had to be long enough to give him a chance to rush out into the corridor and give warning that saboteurs were blowing up the power plant. But the fuse would be too short to give anyone time to stop the explosion.

That Jenkins, Erich smiled, he'd be fool enough to try to stop the explosion. He'd dash in like a madman . . . and get himself blown up with the machinery.

He had nothing to fear for himself. Jenkins was in charge,

not he. No blame could possibly be placed on him! And he would continue to sabotage—next time on a bigger scale!

Erich took out his cigarette lighter and snapped it open. He bent down and placed the flickering flame against the fuse.

And at that moment, he heard Jenkins' shuffling footsteps just outside the door!

With a curse, Erich closed his lighter and thrust it into his pocket. His chance to blow up the generator was gone! That fool Jenkins was coming back just a few minutes too soon!

Above all, Jenkins must not suspect him! He glanced about for a means of escape, and saw there was none!

But Americans were fools! Erich knew how to plan quickly, efficiently. He ran to the wall just as Jenkins opened the door and stepped into the room.

"Hey, Erich," Jenkins called out. "We're going to . . . to . . ." His voice gurgled into silence.

ERICH was standing almost flat against the wall, his hands raised high above his head, his nose pressed against the concrete of the wall. But he was smiling as he pictured Jenkins behind him with a mouth gaping open in amazement, and a face looking more foolish than usual. In a second, Erich controlled his face and turned around to face Jenkins.

"It's—it's you!" Erich cried

with mock fear in his voice.

"Sure it's me!" Jenkins replied. "Who'd you expect it to be?" Jenkins glanced around the room quickly. "And what are you doing—" Again Jenkins' voice died in his throat as his eyes caught sight of the long fuse on the floor.

With a wild cry, Jenkins leaped forward and snatched the fuse away from the packet of dynamite.

"What's going on here?" he shouted. "This fuse—" He held it up under Erich's nose. "Is this stuff—"

"Yeh!" Erich replied. "I thought I was a goner until you came in." He took out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead nervously. "Better call the plant guards, Jenkins."

Jenkins reached out and pressed the alarm button. Instantly a loud clanging filled the plant. The door was thrown open and several uniformed men charged in, guns drawn and ready for use.

"What's the trouble?" the chief guard asked, as he stopped to survey the scene.

"Sabotage!" Jenkins pointed to the packet of dynamite under the generator.

The chief guard nodded to one of his assistants. "Get that stuff out of there, Mike!" he said.

"Okay, chief," Mike replied. "The rest of you step away," the chief cautioned, waving them back.

Erich laughed to himself as he watched the guard take the dynamite and gingerly hand it to the chief.

"A neat, professional job," the chief guard remarked. He handed it back to his assistant. "Take it down to the laboratory and have them go over the stuff."

"Okay, chief."

WHEN THE GUARD had gone, the chief turned to Erich. "Now suppose you tell me just what happened, Erich," he added.

"Here it comes," Erich thought. He had been expecting this question, and he was prepared.

Erich made sure his hand shook as he rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Jenkins went out for a couple of minutes," he began. "I was alone, cleaning up. Suddenly I felt a gun jabbed into my back." Erich stopped and looked at Jenkins.

"Go ahead, Erich," Jenkins said, nodding sympathetically.

"I was scared," Erich continued. "I didn't turn around." He wiped his forehead.

"How many were there?" the chief guard asked.

"I don't know. There must have been more than one because that gun was in my back all the time they were here." Inwardly Erich was laughing at these fools who listened to him with friendly, sympathetic faces. The Nazi sabotage school certainly taught him well.

"The guy with the gun told me to get up against the wall and keep my face against it. I did."

"What then?"

"I stood there like I was ordered. I heard them doing something under the machines but didn't dare turn around to see what. The man with the gun told me to stand still and not turn around. I did... until Jenkins came in. I guess that's about all I can tell you."

"I'd never let them get away with it," Jenkins said, shaking his head. "I'd have torn them

skunks with my bare hands!"

"You'd have done what I did," Erich retorted. "He'd have blown my head off before I could open my mouth! The look in the guy's eyes told me he wasn't kidding! And I don't want to die—not for a long time!"

"I guess you were right in not taking any chances," the chief guard remarked. "Come on down to the office and make out a complete report."

"Sure," Erich replied. Then turning to Jenkins, he asked, "Will you need me here today?"

"I guess you can take the rest of the day off—if it's okay with the office," Jenkins said. "You must have had a tough few minutes with those saboteurs."

"Thanks," Erich said. He followed the guard out of the power room. These Americans are easier to fool than he had expected, Erich thought. They just weren't smart enough to see through his story!

IN THE OFFICE he repeated what he had told already to the chief guard and Jenkins. He had the story down pat. He knew that the chief guard was mentally checking his words. When he finished, the plant manager gave him the rest of the day off.

"I guess you had a bad scare, Erich," the chief guard added. "Take it easy and don't worry about those saboteurs any more."

"Thanks," Erich replied. "Sorry I'm not the hero type."

"That's all right."

Outside the factory, on his way home, Erich laughed out loud. What a bunch of fools! His group would have a good laugh when he told them about it that night. That near-sighted Jenkins! He'd tear into the Nazi saboteurs! That was a laugh! Why he didn't even have the brains to realize that he was boasting in front of the saboteur himself!

Erich took a nap when he got home. When he woke up, he dressed and shaved him-

self. Then he slipped out of his rooming house and took a street car to the headquarters of his Nazi group.

THEY WERE sitting around drinking beer—Schultz, Erlich, Coughlin and Erich—and laughing at the story when they heard footsteps coming up the stairs.

"Did anyone follow you here, Erich," Schultz asked uneasily.

"Of course not!" Erich replied.

There was a knock on the door. After a moment of silence, Schultz asked cautiously, "Who's there?"

"Jenkins," a voice replied. "I want to speak to Erich."

Schultz and Erich exchanged startled looks. "How did he know I was here?" Erich asked.

Schultz stepped to the door and threw it open. A sudden avalanche of uniformed men poured in.

"All right, you rats! Put up your hands!" A plainclothes man was pointing a gun at them. Armed police flanked him. Schultz, Erich and the rest didn't hesitate. They raised their hands and stood perfectly still.

"That's the Nazi rat!" Jenkins cried, pointing at Erich. "His little story didn't fool me!"

Schultz cursed and glowered at Erich. "So Jenkins wasn't smart enough to see through you!"

"I don't understand..." Erich began, confused.

"I was smart enough to realize that if you were standing with your face pressed against the wall all the time, you couldn't have seen the look in the gunman's eyes, Erich!" Jenkins said. "And when you said that the look in the man's eyes told you he wasn't kidding... I knew you were lying! So we followed you!"

As the police led the saboteurs out of the room, Jenkins shook his head. "I guess these Nazis just aren't smart enough. That's all!"

RICK MASTERS

in
"A Twist of
Time!"

THUNDERING OUT OF THE SKY ON A TRAIL
THAT BLAZES NEW SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS,
RICK MASTERS AND HIS ABLE INDIAN
FRIEND, MIKE, FIND THEMSELVES 100,000
YEARS IN THE PAST! THE WILY MACHINA-
TIONS OF A TWO-TIMING HOT-SHOT IS UPSET
BY THE LAST THING IN THE WORLD
HE HAD PREPARED FOR!



Story by WALTER GARDNER
Art by MORT LAWRENCE



I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW WE MIS-CALCULATED!

WELL, WE DID IT! NOW WE NEED THE FULL AMOUNT OF THE MORTGAGE ON THE FIELD IN THIRTY DAYS OR OUT WE GO!

WE CAN RAISE THE DOUGH BY SELLING SOME OF OUR PLANES BUT ...

IF WE SELL THEM, THEN WE WON'T NEED AN AIRFIELD...

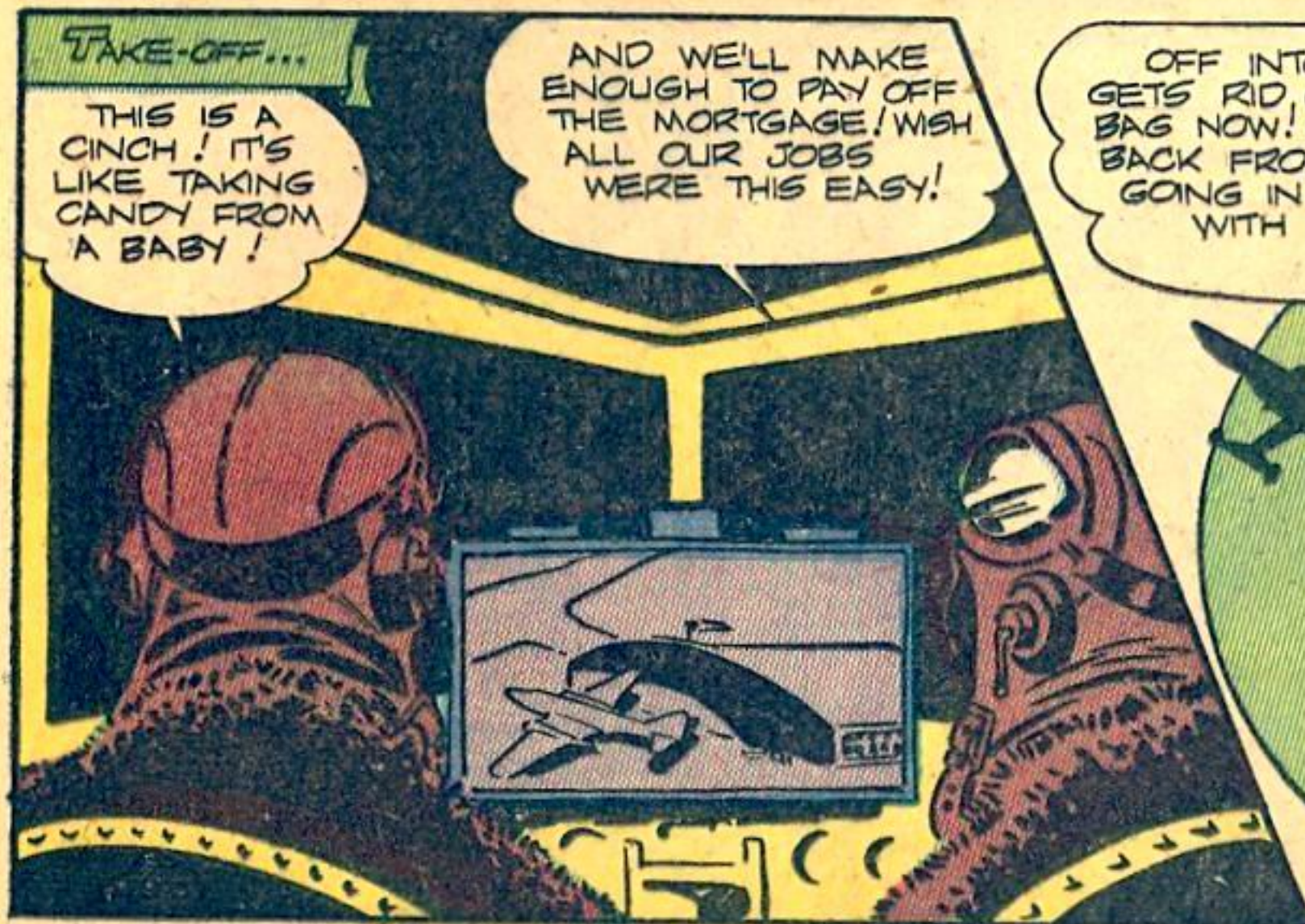


MAY AS WELL LOOK AT THE REST OF THE MAIL. IT CAN'T ALL BE BAD. **WHOA...** HERE'S OUR OUT! YOU KNOW THAT NEW TECHNIQUE OF FLYING BY TELEVISION? WE'RE HIRED FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF IT BY A MR. GIBSON!

THAT WILL GET US OUT OF OUR HOLE!

FIRST STEP...
THE TELEVISION GADGET IS SURPRISINGLY SIMPLE, MR. GIBSON!

NOTHING TO IT, MY BOY. YOU UNDERSTAND? YOU ARE TO FLY BLIND FROM HERE TO FRISCO, GUIDED ONLY BY THE TELEVISOR ... THAT WILL BE ALL THE PROOF THAT I'LL NEED TO GET MY CONTRACT!



TAKE-OFF...

THIS IS A CINCH! IT'S LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY!

AND WE'LL MAKE ENOUGH TO PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE! WISH ALL OUR JOBS WERE THIS EASY!

OFF INTO THE UNKNOWN! THAT GETS RID OF THEM! IT'S IN THE BAG NOW! THEY'LL NEVER GET BACK FROM WHERE THEY'RE GOING IN TIME TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS!



Blind Flight!

I DON'T KNOW... I'D FEEL A LITTLE BETTER IF WE HAD SOME INSTRUMENTS ... SO FAR IT'S ALL RIGHT BUT IF THAT SCREEN GOES BLANK...

THAT'S CHICAGO, NOW. I'M SOLD ON THIS METHOD OF FLYING! THERE'S NO WORRY ABOUT VISIBILITY, FOR THE TELEVISION RAYS AREN'T OBSTRUCTED BY WEATHER AT ALL!

HOURS FLY BY...

'FRISCO IS IN A STRAIGHT LINE NOW. GUESS I WAS WORRIED ABOUT NOTHING. WE'LL BE THERE IN AN HOUR. I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

YOU KNOW, THERE SHOULD BE A LOT OF GOOD PUBLICITY IN THIS FOR US. FIRST TRANS-CONTINENTAL FLIGHT UNDER THESE CONDITIONS!

HERE WE ARE, RIGHT ON THE NOSE! THERE'S THE 'FRISCO FIELD!

IT'S GOING TO BE A REAL TEST OF THE TELEVISOR GOING IN FOR A LANDING BLIND THIS WAY...

CATASTROPHE!

THE SCREEN! IT'S BLANKED OUT! QUICK... I'VE GOT TO GET A BEARING OR WE'LL CRASH...

TAKE IT EASY! WE CAN SEE THE AIR FIELD THROUGH HERE!

SMASH

RICK... I DON'T THINK THAT'S WHAT WE WANT...

I AGREE WITH YOU.. WE'RE TOO LOW TO DO ANYTHING BUT LAND. HOLD ONTO YOUR HAT, MIKE, HERE WE GO!



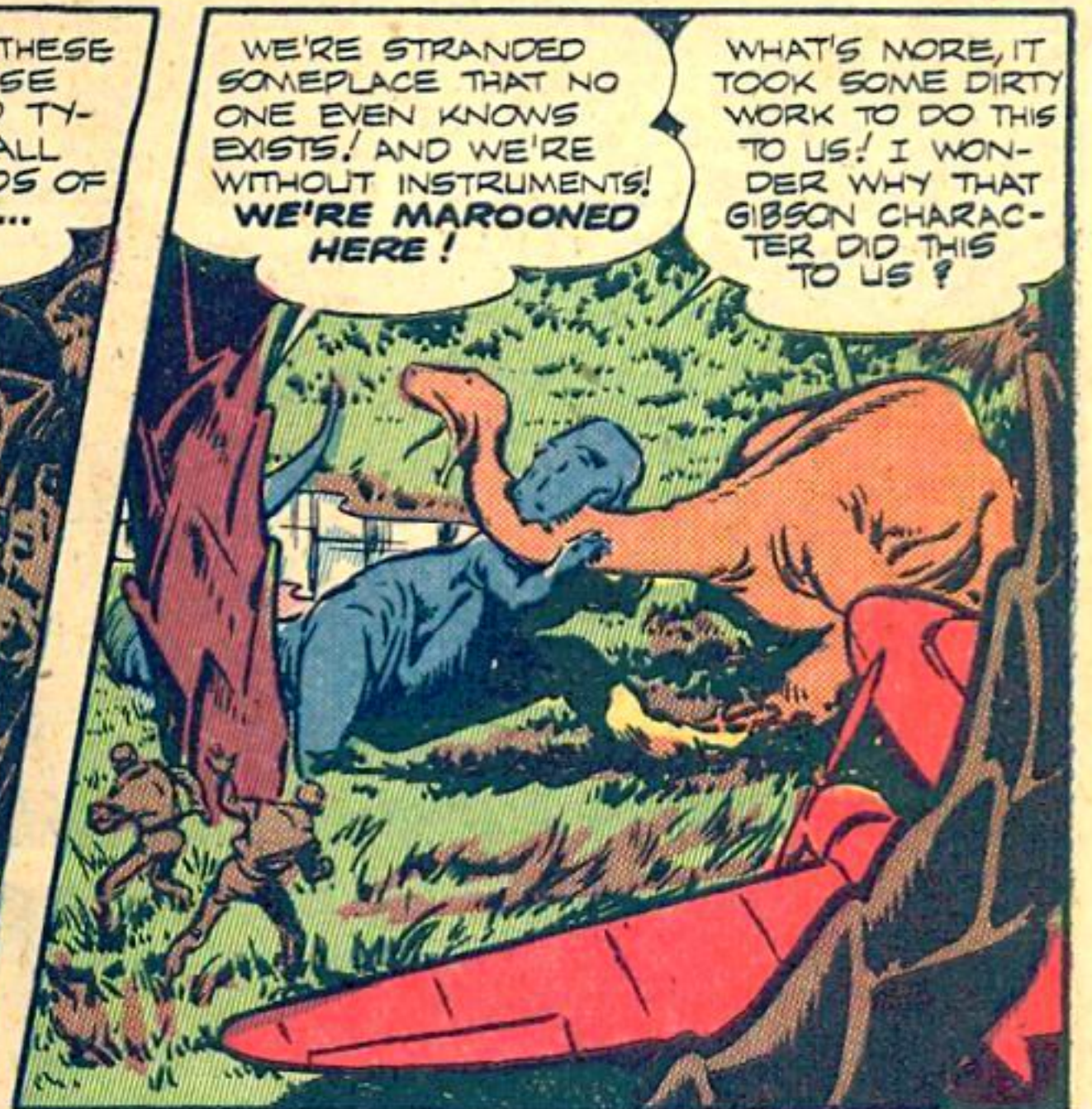
THIS MUST BE
A NIGHTMARE!
BUT I'VE PINCHED
MYSELF UNTIL
I'M BLACK AND
BLUE...

I NEVER HEARD OF A
TWO-MAN NIGHTMARE BE-
FORE! I'M AFRAID THAT
WHEREVER THIS IS, IT'S NO
DREAM! LOOK AT THAT
THING! IT'S GOING TO
ATTACK! NO, IT'S RUN-
NING FROM SOMETHING!



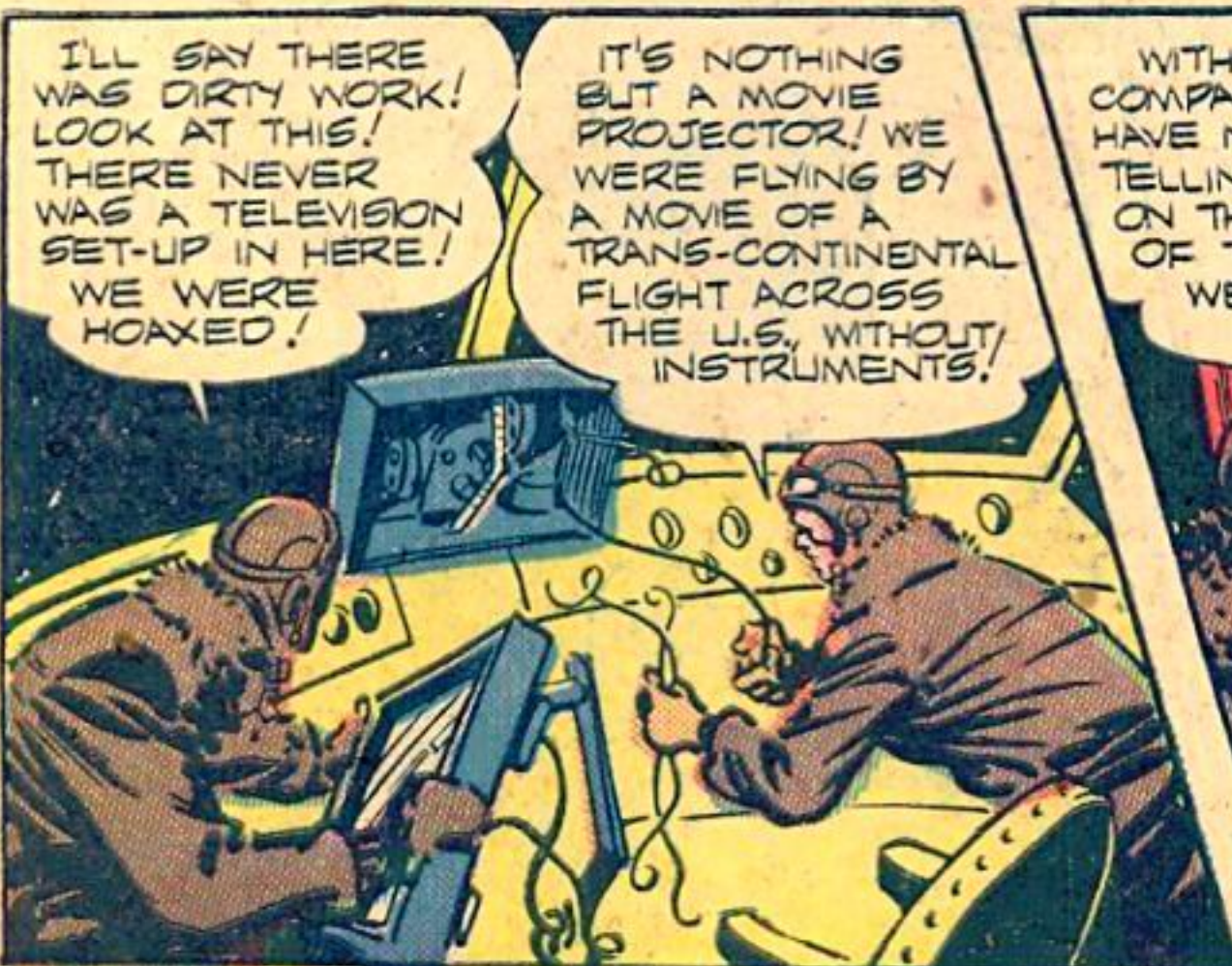
WHAT IN THE
WORLD WOULD A
HUGE MONSTER
LIKE THAT BE AFRAID
OF?—OH, I SEE! I'D
BE AFRAID TOO...

THIS CAN'T BE...THESE
MONSTERS... THESE
DINOSAURS AND TY-
RANOSAURUS... ALL
DIED THOUSANDS OF
YEARS AGO...



WE'RE STRANDED
SOMEPLACE THAT NO
ONE EVEN KNOWS
EXISTS! AND WE'RE
WITHOUT INSTRUMENTS!
**WE'RE MAROONED
HERE!**

WHAT'S MORE, IT
TOOK SOME DIRTY
WORK TO DO THIS
TO US! I WON-
DER WHY THAT
GIBSON CHARAC-
TER DID THIS
TO US?



I'LL SAY THERE
WAS DIRTY WORK!
LOOK AT THIS!
THERE NEVER
WAS A TELEVISION
SET-UP IN HERE!
WE WERE
HOAXED!

IT'S NOTHING
BUT A MOVIE
PROJECTOR! WE
WERE FLYING BY
A MOVIE OF A
TRANS-CONTINENTAL
FLIGHT ACROSS
THE U.S. WITHOUT
INSTRUMENTS!



WITHOUT A
COMPASS, WE
HAVE NO WAY OF
TELLING WHERE
ON THE FACE
OF THE GLOBE
WE ARE!

THERE'S ONE WAY, IF
SOME OF THESE OVER-
GROWN LIZARDS DON'T
HAVE ANY OB-
JECTIONS...



Back in the States...

I DON'T QUITE GET THIS! I THOUGHT I WAS TO DO BUSINESS WITH RICK MASTERS. HE'S THE OWNER OF THE PROPERTY THAT THE STATE IS INTERESTED IN!

WELL, YOU SEE, I WILL BE THE NEW OWNER OF THE PROPERTY IN TWO MORE DAYS, BY DEFAULT. I OWN THE MORTGAGE!

STILL, IT'S RICK MASTERS THAT I HAVE TO SEE. AFTER ALL, HE MAY HAVE THE MONEY FOR YOU!

SEE HIM BY ALL MEANS!

IF YOU CAN! WONDER WHERE THEIR PLANE DID LAND? NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW!

YES, YOU SEE MASTERS. BUT I HAVE AN IDEA THAT ON THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW, IT'LL BE ME YOU DEAL WITH AND NOT THAT CRAZY FLIER!

At this moment, a freighter disembarks at New Orleans

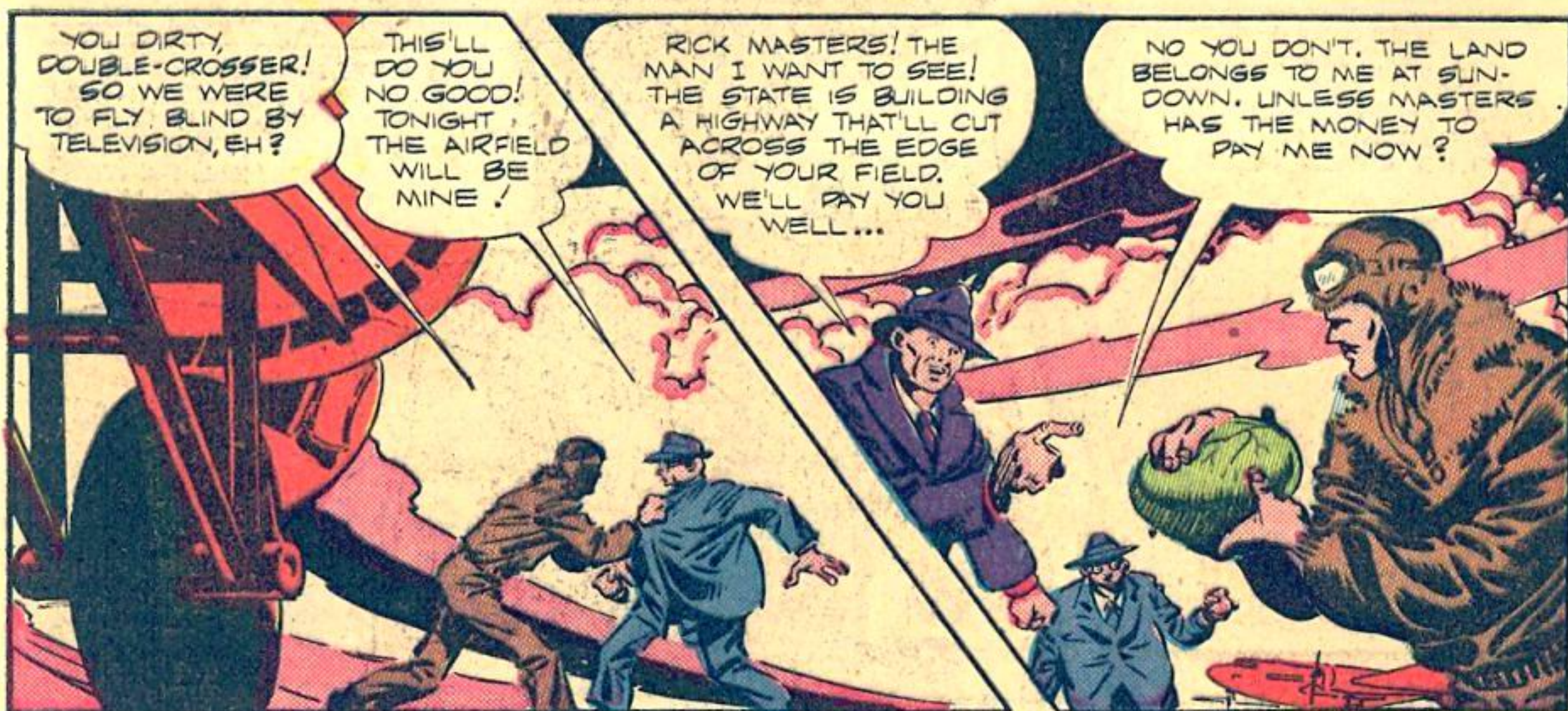
AFTER OUR FORCED LANDING AT SEA--- YOU SURE WERE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

NONSENSE, MY BOY. AS YOU KNOW, MY SON FLEW WITH YOU IN THE WAR. I'M JUST REPAYING THE DEBT HE OWED YOU AND MIKE! I'LL FIX IT WITH THE POLICE SO YOU CAN TAKE OFF FROM THE DOCK AREA!

SURE, SURE. I KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW FOR A PLANE TO DO THIS. WHY DON'T YOU MAKE THIS LITTLE CONTRIBUTION TO THE POLICEMAN'S FUND AND JUST FORGET ALL ABOUT IT?

WEEELL...

RICK! WE FORGOT! DID YOU NOTICE THE DATE? TOMORROW'S OUR LAST DAY TO GET THE MONEY FOR OUR MORTGAGE!





That diminutive demon!
ANGUS McERC... tangles
 with some real trouble when he
 decides that his talents are better fit-
 ted to Great Britain where he hails from,
 than the United States! But he didn't
 know who his shipmates would be when
 he started on the homeward voyage! It's
 only after he finds himself in a stew
 that he appreciates...

SAUCE for the SORCERER!

Story by
BRUCE ELLIOTT
 Drawings by
PERRY WILLIAMS



WHUOSH! THESE YANKEE TAXI DRIVERS ARE WILD MEN! I THINK RIDING ON THE BACK OF A DEMON IS EASIER!

MAKE IT SNAPPY, DRIVER! THE SHIP'S ABOUT TO LEAVE!



I LOST MY BREATH UP ON FORTY-SECOND STREET. HOPE I CATCH IT SOON. I WOULDN'T LIKE TO LEAVE IT HERE ON AMERICAN SOIL.

IT'S A BREAK OR MY NAME'S NOT JOHN O'DARE! GOOD THING I'M A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT OR I'D NEVER GET PASSAGE ON THIS SHIP!



WHEW! ALL OF A SUDDEN THIS LOAD IS LIGHTER! I MUST HAVE GOTTEN MY SECOND BREATH!

EH? WHAT'S THAT? THE BENIGHTED THIEF! HE'S STOLEN MY BREATH! WELL, AT LEAST NOW I KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT WHEN I WANT IT. AH... WE'RE LEAVING!



AYE, YOU'RE A PRETTY LASS, BUT THIS COUNTRY MOVES TOO FAST FOR AN OLD CODGER LIKE ME...THEY BARELY NOTICE THAT I'M A PIXY. FAREWELL!



SHADES OF GOOD KING OBERON! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

DO YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT WANTS TO RETURN TO HIS OLD HAUNTS? I'VE BEEN RATTLING CHAINS TILL MY HANDS ARE BLISTERED AND WHAT HAPPENED?



NOTHING! THESE AMERICANS SNORT AND SAY AS SOON AS THEY CAN, THEY'LL GET PRE-FABRICATED HOUSES WHERE'S THERE'S NO DANGER OF OLD PIPES RATTLING IN THE WIND! ME, THE MOST GHASTLY GHOST IN BUDAPEST, THEY CALL A PIPE!

LOSH! I'M NOT THE ONLY EXPATRIATE THEN!





THIS'LL BE NO PLEASANT TRIP! I CAN SEE THAT AT A GLANCE...

HOW NOW, LITTLE ONE? WHAT ARE YOU BROODING ABOUT?



IF THAT'S ANOTHER OF YOU INVISIBLE GHOULS I'LL NOT BE ANNOYED! I-- OH...IT'S A MAN!

GHOULS? SAY WHAT ARE THESE WET FOOTPRINTS ALL OVER THE DECK? DO WE HAVE SOME STOWAWAYS?



STOWAWAYS?? AYE! THAT WE DO!

OW WATCH WHERE YOU THROW THAT CIGARETTE OR I'LL REND THEE LIMB FROM LIMB!

HUMPH...THIS CRAZY WIND MAKES SOUNDS LIKE A HUMAN VOICE!



WIND IS IT! I'LL SHOW YOU! SEE AND SHUDDER!

BAH! WHAT A LOUSY MAKE-UP JOB! WHY OUT IN HOLLYWOOD WE MAKE MONSTERS THAT LOOK LIKE MONSTERS! GO AWAY, AMATEUR!



ALWAYS THE SAMETHING! IS IT ANY WONDER I WANT TO GET BACK TO EUROPE? I'D RATHER FACE BOMBS THAN THIS DISBELIEF. BOO HOO! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A GHOUL MORTAL!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FEEL SORRY FOR A GHOUL!



HOW DARE THIS MORTAL INFLICT SORROW ON ONE OF MY FAMILIARS? I'LL TURN THY BONES TO JELLY! I'LL--

EH, GO AWAY! NO ONE HERE BELIEVES IN SPELLS!





RHA... NO YANK BELIEVES IN MY SORCERY, BUT YOU DO! I'LL WREAK MY LONG DELAYED VENGEANCE ON YOU! BY AHRIMAN AND MELEK TAWUS...BY THE ANCIENT WORD THAT IS NOT A WORD....

HOKUM...I HATE THESE DUELS BETWEEN RIVAL SORCERERS! THEY'RE SO INCONCLUSIVE - HOWEVER BY OBERON AND--



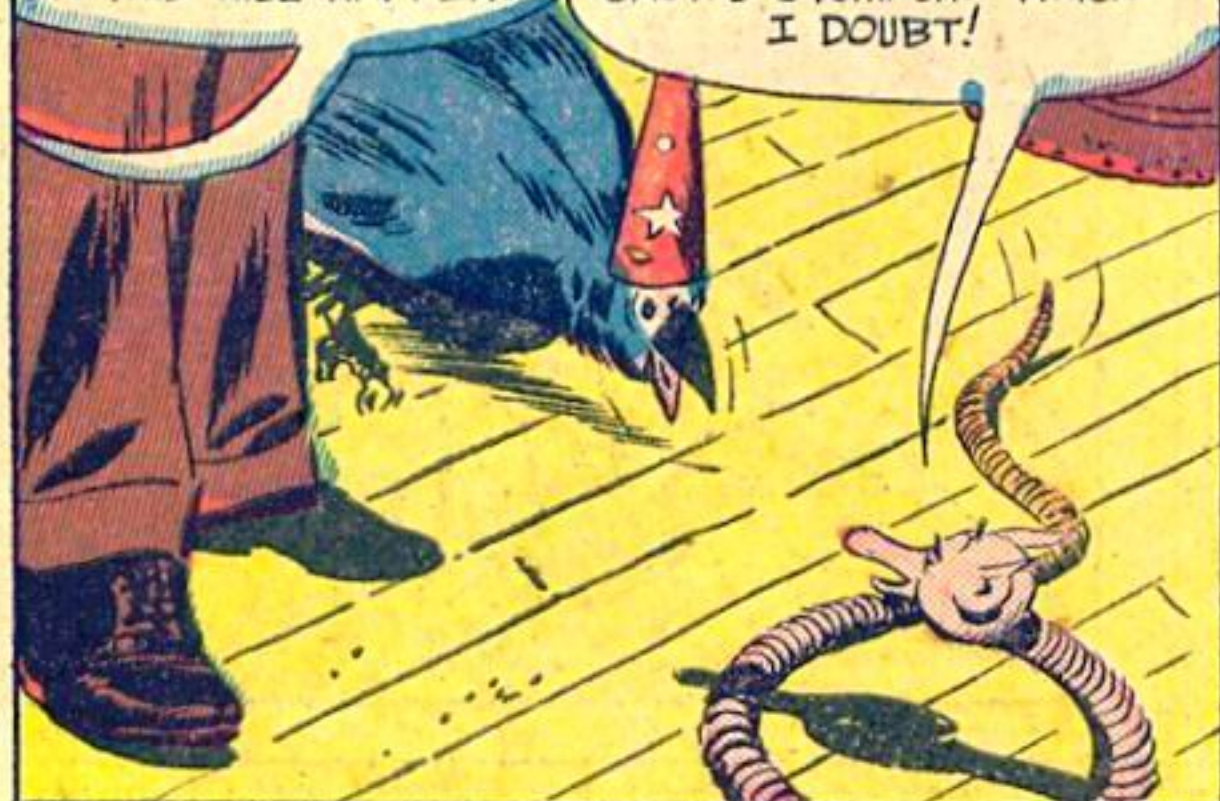
BEHOLD! AT MY COMMAND DOST TURN INTO A CRAWLING WORM...BUT HOLD...WHAT'S HERE TRANSPIRING? A BIRD! I BECOME A CROW!

DID YOU THINK I'D STAND IDLY BY WHILST YOU MADE SORCERY? OBERON, BY THIS AMULET OF THINE I ASK A BOON!



GALLOPING D.T'S! THEY TOLD ME TO TAKE A SEA VOYAGE FOR A REST OR THIS WILL HAPPEN!

OBERON! I BESEECH THY AID! FAST OR ANGUS WILL SOON INHABIT VON CROW'S STOMACH! WHICH I DOUBT!



NOW, YOU FEATHERY BUNDLE OF EVIL--I WARRANT MY MAGIC WILL PROVE A TEST FOR YOURS!

I'D GET HELP FOR THE LITTLE GUY--BUT WHAT'S THE USE? NO ONE WILL BELIEVE ME! I BETTER GO LAY DOWN....



I SEE A MISTAKE I'VE MADE! YOU ARE IMMORTAL, TOO! IN THAT CASE A SOLUTION I PERCEIVE! BY THE TETRA-GRAMMATAN, I WILL TURN THEE TO GOLD!

I MISLIKE THE GLINT IN HIS EYE! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A COUNTER-SPELL!



MY MEMORY FAILS! AHH... I CAN PREVENT HIM FROM TURNING ME TO A METAL! I HAVE IT! CHTHLU CAST THY COUNTER-SPELL!

TOO LATE MY LITTLE FRIEND! THE CHANGE HAS ALREADY BEGUN!





HOW NOW? A GOLD STATUE HE SHOULD HAVE BECOME!
AH...I SEE! HIS OWN COUNTER-SPELL WAS STRONG
ENOUGH TO PREVENT HIS TURNING TO METAL BUT
NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO SAVE HIM!



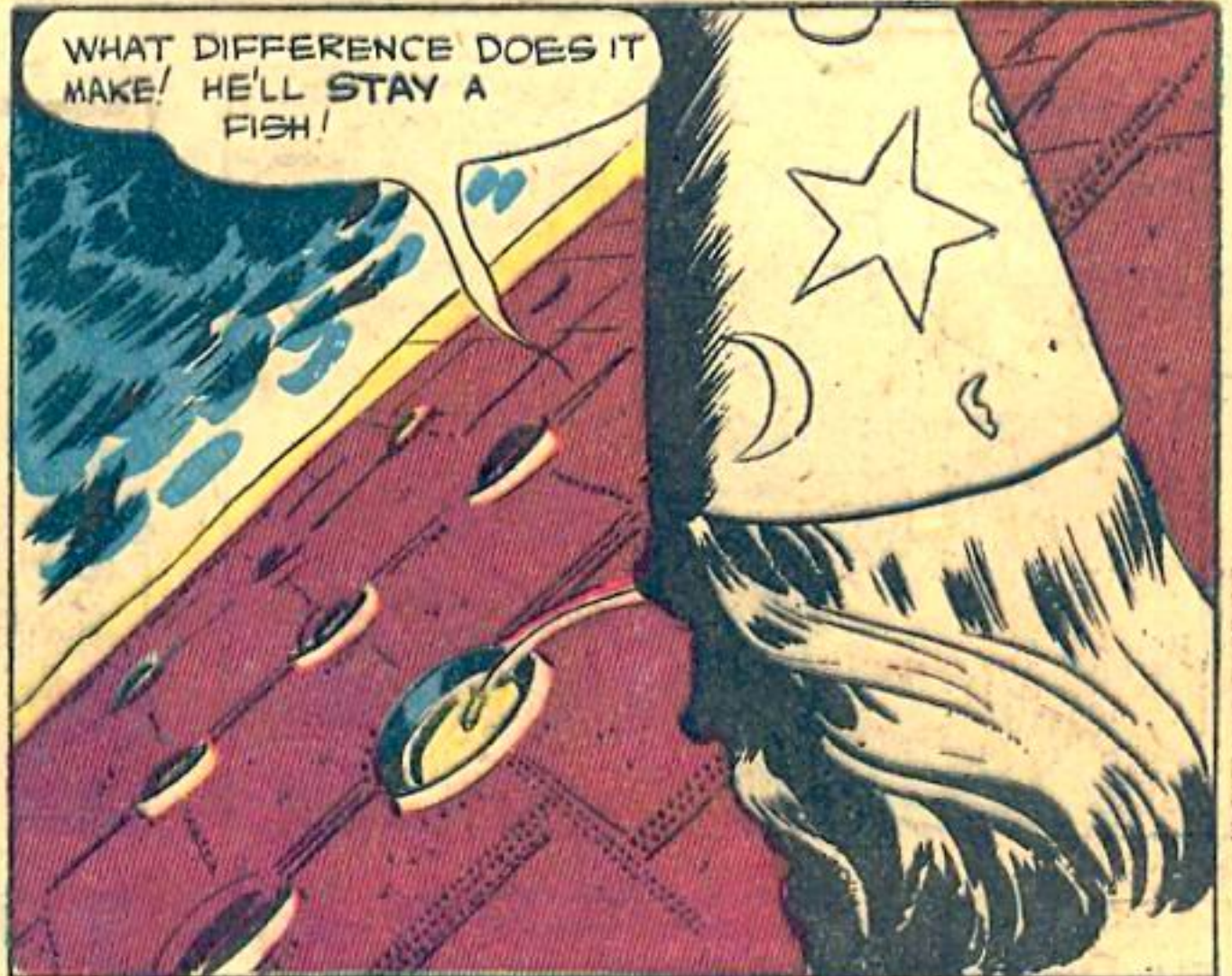
A GOLD FISH! LITTLE GOOD HIS IMMORTA-
LITY WILL DO HIM WHEN I CAST HIM
INTO THE SEA! HE'LL SWIM FOR ALL
ETERNITY WITH THE OTHER POOR FISH!



AVAUNT! BE GONE!
ACH, HE SQUIRMED
OUT OF MY
HAND!

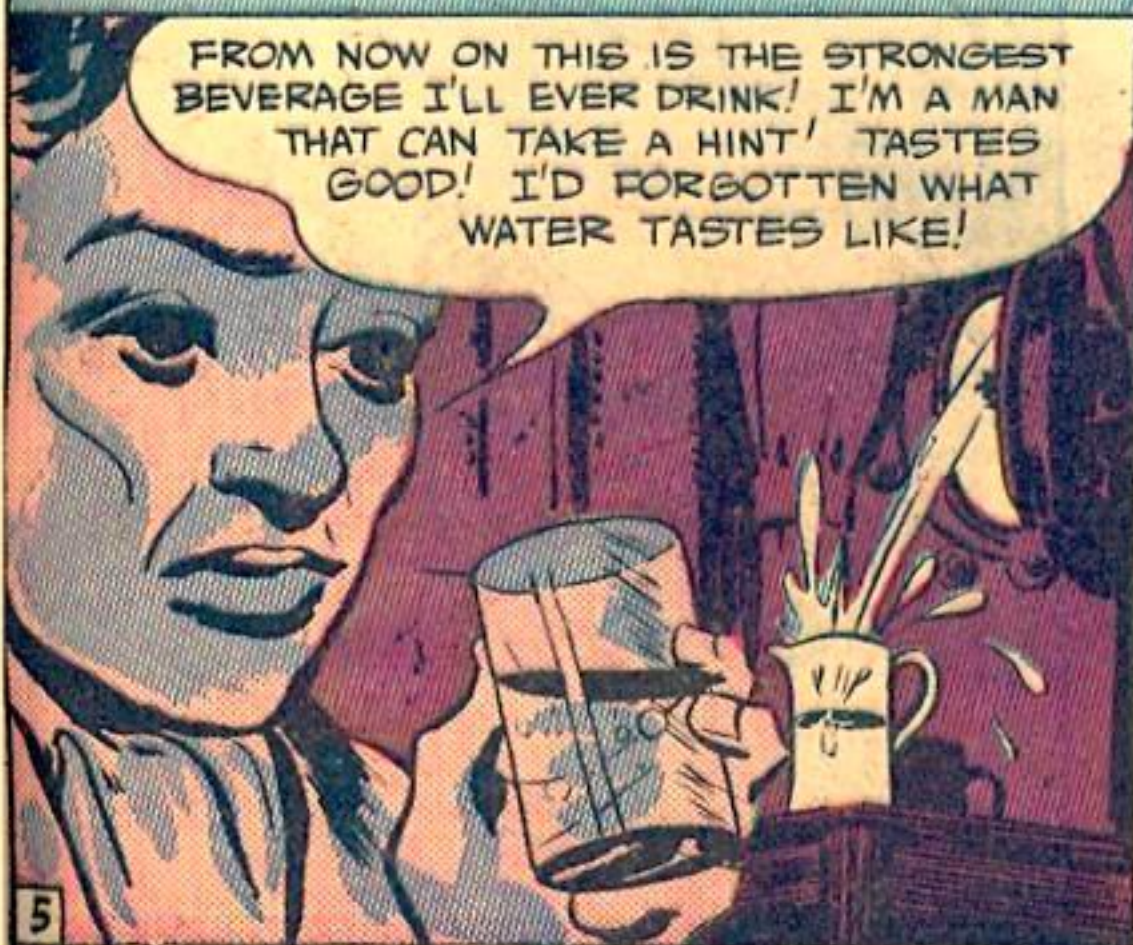


WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT
MAKE! HE'LL STAY A
FISH!



GASPING LIKE A FISH OUT OF WATER, ANGUS
LANDS IN...

FROM NOW ON THIS IS THE STRONGEST
BEVERAGE I'LL EVER DRINK! I'M A MAN
THAT CAN TAKE A HINT! TASTES
GOOD! I'D FORGOTTEN WHAT
WATER TASTES LIKE!



AQUA PURA! BEST DRINK THERE IS. GULP!
A FISH, AND IT'S SPELLING OUT...I MUST HAVE
THEM AGAIN! GOOD GRIEF! THIS MEANS I
CAN'T EVEN DRINK WATER!





IF A FISH ONLY HAD VOCAL CORDS I WOULDN'T BE REDUCED TO THE INDIGNITY OF BLOWING THESE BLASTED BUBBLES! BUT IF I'M TO ESCAPE THIS DIRE FATE I MUST HAVE AID! THERE THAT SHOULD GET HIS ATTENTION!



G-A-R-L-I-C GARLIC! WHAT IN THE WORLD WOULD A FISH WANT GARLIC FOR? LISTEN TO ME, I SOUND AS IF I REALLY BELIEVED THERE WAS A GOLD-FISH WRITING OUT WORDS IN FRONT OF ME!



IF THAT FOOLFISH WANTS GARLIC, IT'S ONLY BECAUSE HE'S A BACHELOR! I'LL FIX THAT!

HURRAY! HE'S GOING FOR IT! GARLIC IS A SOVEREIGN SPELL AGAINST ANY KIND OF SORCERY! AS SOON AS HE GETS BACK WITH THE GARLIC, I'LL BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF THIS WATERY STRAIGHT JACKET!



ANGUS WAITS IMPATIENTLY TILL

NOW, STEWARD...IS THERE, OR ISN'T THERE A GOLD FISH IN THAT PITCHER?

GULP! YES. THERE IS! I'M SORRY, SIR!



SINCE THERE IS A FISH IN THERE I'LL CURE HIM OF HIS INSANE CRAVING FOR GARLIC! NO ONE CAN PITCH ANY WOO WITH GARLIC ON HIS BREATH! DUMP HIM IN WITH HER!

YES, SIR!

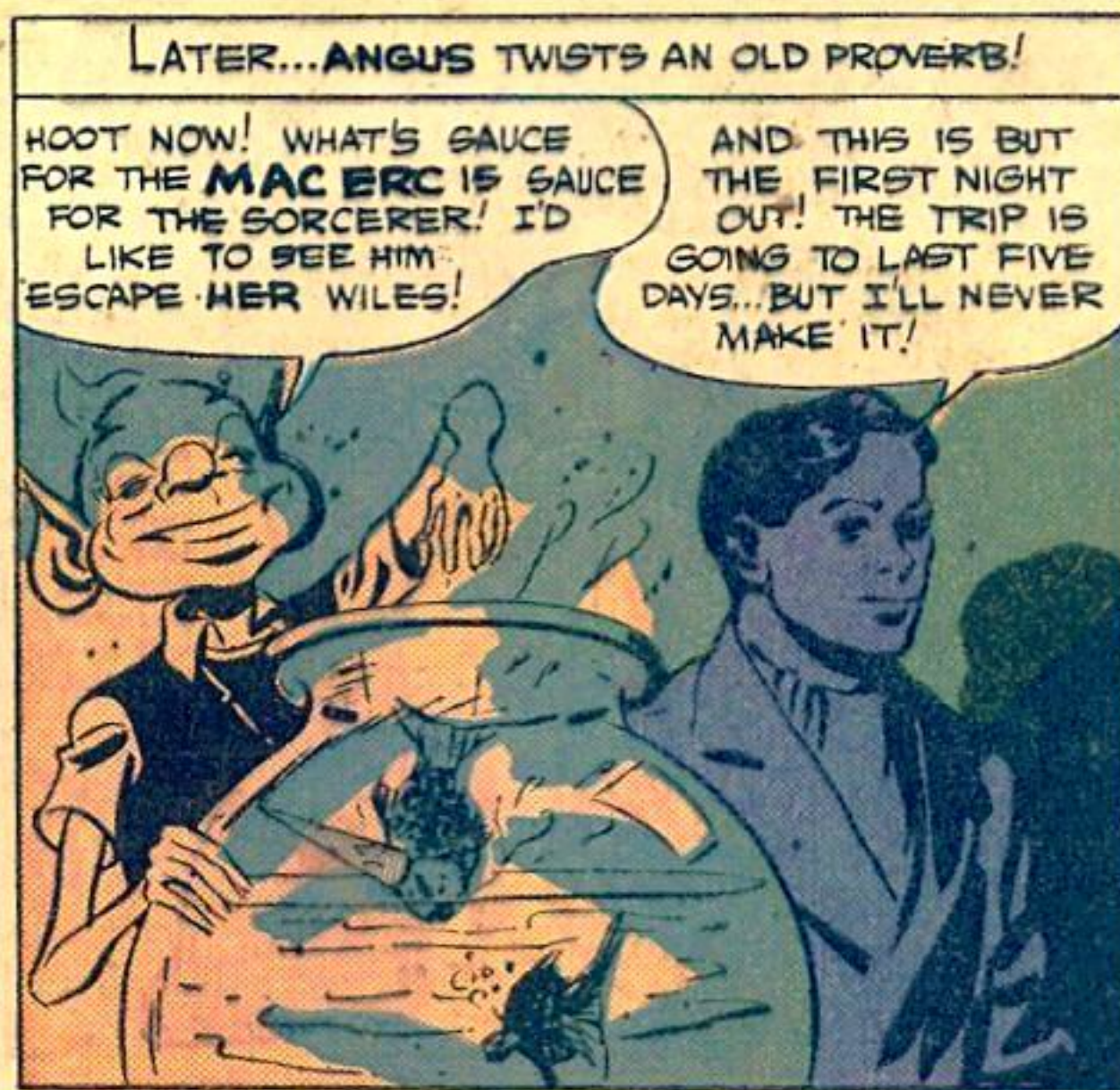
GARLIC? IS HE NUTS?



GOOD HEAVENS! SHE'S FLIRTING WITH ME!

THERE! THAT'LL STOP THIS NONSENSE!





WILL YOU WEAR THIS LOVELY

2-Way Jumper

ON APPROVAL

IT'S SMART! IT'S GAY!
It's Different!

It's a smart gal who takes to jumpers for a trim, Hollywood-born fashion that can be worn everywhere, any time. But it's a *smarter* gal who owns a chic jumper that can change—presto!—into still another glamorous outfit!

This Jaunty Jumper only \$7.98
DOUBLE-DUTY!...DOUBLE-BEAUTY!

Completely *new* is this Jaunty Jumper, gorgeously tailored to flatter your figure in exquisite feminine lines. Completely *different* because you have *two jumpers in one*: wear it with the lovely contrasting color lapels opened in classic style . . . or button-closed into a demurely round neckline! Exclusively fashioned in crisp, fine-quality, all-season material that loves to "take it"! A slenderizing fitted waistband . . . freedom-giving inverted pleat in the skirt add up to a knockout creation! Wear this sophisticated jumper and win compliments galore from men who admire your smart looks . . . women who envy your dual personality fashion! An original by Bonnie Gaye. Sizes 12 through 20—and biggest of all surprises it's only \$7.98 plus postage.

"BOW BLOUSE"—Tantalizing with its flattering high neck, perky bow, long full sleeves—it's a true complement to your jumper. In lustrous-rich rayon fabric. White only. Sizes 32 to 40. Only \$3.98.

SEND NO MONEY—Check size and color choice and mail coupon today. On arrival, pay postman C.O.D. charges. Wear, compare. If a 10 day trial doesn't prove you've discovered the best buys ever, please return for full refund.

The illustration below shows how this sophisticated, classic with open lapels can be changed into a demure feminine style with high round neck all through the simple but clever magic of buttons! Actually two jumpers in one!

10 DAYS' TRIAL

Yes, wear this Jaunty Jumper and "Bow Blouse" at MY RISK. If you are not completely satisfied in every way, return in 10 days and your full purchase price will be refunded. BONNIE GAYE.

Bonnie Gaye

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

BONNIE GAYE FASHIONS—Dept. 159 EE
168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Please send smart 2-WAY JUMPER. I'll pay postman \$7.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding I may return purchase for full refund if not satisfied in 10 days.

(Mark 1st and 2nd choice color selections)

Navy ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Black ☐

(Circle Size)

12 14 16 18 20

Please send "BOW BLOUSE" at \$3.98 plus postage (White Only)

(Circle Size)

32 34 36 38 40

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Note: Order 2 jumpers for only \$14.50 plus postage ☐

**For Every Real
American
Boy and Girl!**

Mothers and Dads

THE AMERICAN RANGER
GLOWLIGHT MAKES A
FINE EMERGENCY
NIGHT LIGHT

EDUCATIONAL
AND
Easy
TO
BUILD

**No Batteries
No Bulbs
Works by
MYSTERY GLOW**

FREE MORSE CODE
and SEMAPHORE
ALPHABET CHART
WITH EACH
GLOWLIGHT

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GLOWLIGHT CO.

 **AMERICAN RANGER**
GLOWLIGHT

Here it is Boys and Girls. A PATENTED AMERICAN RANGER GLOWLIGHT that works without BULBS OR BATTERIES. It GLOWS IN THE DARK and you can SPOT different objects. Its MYSTERY GLOW is soft and faint so the enemy can't see you at great distances. You can give SEMAPHORE and MORSE CODE SIGNALS in the dark and have lots of fun. It takes but a few minutes to assemble and it also makes an excellent emergency night light. Complete instructions with each Glowlight. Be the first in your neighborhood to get one. Our SUPPLY is LIMITED so HURRY, SEND for YOURS TODAY. \$1.00 FOR ONE; TWO FOR \$1.75.

*Send
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GIVE SIGNALS IN THE DARK



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CARRY IT WHEN WEARING YOUR
SOLDIER, SAILOR, OR COWBOY SUIT

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COUPON**
333 S. Market St.
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Please Send At Once One PATENTED AMERICAN RANGER GLOWLIGHT with FREE MORSE CODE and SEMAPHORE ALPHABET CHART. On arrival I will pay postman \$1.00 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. fee. When remittance is enclosed with order WE PAY all postage charges. ☐ TWO for \$1.75

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ADDRESS _____ BOX _____
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